Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, $2 per year in advance

VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871. NUMBER 21.

1871. SPRING. 1871.

I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.
EITHER AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of
Tin, Sheet-Iron,
COPPER AND BRASS WARES,
ENAMELLED AND PLAIN
SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c,
COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,
PARLOR, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES,

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Also Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,
all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I will call particular attention to the Light Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS
of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to
Roofing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,
at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS
are ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.
Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
TO CASH CUSTOMERS!
AT THE EBENSBURG
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Nails, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Pipes and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery* ware of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Land Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Resin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Herring, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and SNUFFS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Teeth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

Eave-Trough Spouting made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEO. HUNTLEY
Ebensburg, Feb, 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HEATING AND COOK STOVES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,
And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING
and all other work in his line.
Virginia Street, near Caroline Street,
ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL with Stencil Tools. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt.

GEORGE HUNTLEY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
STOVES, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &C.
EBENSBURG, PA.,

Is still Agent for the renowned Ætna Mowing and Reaping Machine, as also for the celebrated Clipper Mower and Reaper, Stoner's superior Horse Hay Rake, the best in the market, Prout's Combined Horse Hay Fork and Knife, which cannot be beat, Stoner's Grain Drills, an article every farmer should have, Grain Fanning Mills, Corn Cultivators, Center Lever Plows, with iron or wood beams and handles, cast or steel mould boards and landsides; also, agent for the Blanchard Churn, the best churn now in use, and every one of which is warranted to give full satisfaction or no sale. Stoves and hardware of every description constantly on hand at low figures for cash. Farmers are requested to send in their orders early for *Mowers and Reapers, Horse Rakes* and *Forks*. Pamphlets containing descriptions and directions for *Mowers and Reapers* and *Churns* sent free on application to

GEORGE HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, March 18, 1871.-4m.

TOWN and COUNTRY PROPERTY
AT PRIVATE SALE.

1. A LOT OF GROUND in Mooretown, with good Plank House and Outbuildings. Cellar under the entire house. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms.
2. ONE LOT OF GROUND in Mooretown, 66 feet front on Main street and 200 feet deep. A choice selection of Fruit Trees on this Lot. It is a most desirable location for building.
3. A LARGE TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE on Lot adjoining the above; finely finished and with all conveniences. Good outbuildings and an abundance of fruit trees.
4. A TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE in East Ward of Ebensburg. Cellar kitchen, well and cistern water. Good outbuildings and office on same Lot. All in good repair. Located on Main street. Rents for $180.
5. A LARGE TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE in the West Ward, suitable for two families.—Lot 33 feet front on Main street and 264 feet deep. Could be divided. Rents for $150.
6. A TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE in West Ward, suitable for two families. Lot 66 feet front on Main street and 100 feet deep. A desirable property.
7. BUILDING LOTS in West Ward, Ebensb'g.
8. PASTURE LOTS, of about 6 acres each, one mile from town.
9. TIMBER, suitable for cord wood, on LOTS of 6 or 8 acres each, one mile from town.
10. SIXTY ACRES HEMLOCK TIMBER LAND. Will cut 1,000,000 feet Lumber. One and a half miles from Ebensburg.
11. A FARM OF 109 ACRES, convenient to Ebensburg; mostly cleared and in good order. Will be sold separately or with No. 10.

☞ All the above described property will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Those desiring to purchase will call on or address the undersigned on or before the 1st day of January next.

J. ALEX. MOORE,
or F. A. SHOEMAKER.
Ebensburg, Dec. 1, 1870.

AN INDIANA COUNTY FARM!
AT PRIVATE SALE!

A VALUABLE FARM, situate in Pine township, Indiana county, Pa., three miles north of Strongstown, is offered for sale on the most accommodating terms. The FARM contains **300 ACRES** of excellent land, **150 Acres** cleared, under good fence and in a good state of cultivation, (60 ACRES being meadow,) the balance covered with a thick growth of pine timber.—THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of two FRAME HOUSES, in first class condition, a good FRAME BANK BARN, 44 by 72 ft., FRAME STABLE, &c., as well as a WATER SAW MILL in fine running order.—There are springs of excellent water convenient to both houses, and a splendid APPLE ORCHARD, comprising the choicest fruit, on the premises. There is also a *COAL BANK* opened and in good working order, with a vein of coal 4½ feet thick and of first rate quality.

The above described Farm is situate 5 miles from the line of the Homer and Cherrytree Rail Road, now partially under contract. For terms and other information apply on the premises or address PETER MULVEHILL,
[3-25.-3m.*] Strongstown, Indiana Co., Pa.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Will be exposed to Public Sale, at the house of Harry Marlett, in St. Augustine, on **Wednesday, the 26th day of June, 1871**, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, of which Timothy Sheehan, late of Blair county, died seized, to wit: All that certain PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of James McGough, Thomas Wilt, Jeremiah Sheehan, and John Sheehan, containing **Fifty-Three Acres**, more or less.

Terms of Sale.—One-half of purchase money on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of purchaser.

MICHAEL SHEEHAN,
Guardian of minor children of Timothy Sheehan, deceased.
Clearfield Twp., June 10, 1871.-3t.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Will be exposed to Public Sale on the premises, on **Thursday, the 29th of June**, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, of which Thomas Cowan, late of Clearfield county, died seized: All that PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in White township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Geo. Graff, John Driscam, and others, containing **112 Acres**, being part of a larger tract warranted in the name of Jacob Deckert.

Terms.—One-half the purchase money on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year, with interest, to be secured by the bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOS. M. SMITH,
Guardian of minor children of Thos. Cowan, dec'd.
White Twp., June 10, 1871.-3t.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against buying or meddling in any way with the following personal property now in the possession of Joseph Hips, of Chest township, Cambria county, viz: 1 Two Horse Team, with harness; 1 Brindle Cow and three head of Young Cattle; 1 plow, etc.; as the same belongs to me. JOHN HIPS.
Chest Twp., Clearfield Co., May 22, 1871.-3t.*

The Poet's Department.

Over the Hill to the Poor House.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poor house I'm trudging my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' clever, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of a journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' an' anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin' an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, and more, too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me 'round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
An' nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young and strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean and neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised them every one;
Work'd for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'rn's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow falls to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us alone
When John he nearer and nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts He came one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin' and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, and hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, an' carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, th' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, and that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas earn'd (ryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company, (an' it almost made her sick,)
An' I told her once, 'fore company, (an' it almost made her sick,)
That I never swallowed a grammar, or et a prithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They were a family of themselves, an' I another one;
And a very little cottage a family will do,
And a very little cottage a family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned agin me, and told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with children three,
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with children three,
'Twas easy to discover there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas's, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all their child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
But all their child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

And then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out west,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had the opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, and shifted me about—
So they have shirked and slighted me, and shifted me about—
So they have well nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor house—my child'rn dear, good-by!
Over the hill to the poor house—my child'rn dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will always pray
And God 'll judge between us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

Harper's Weekly.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

DEATH AT THE MILL.

Among the first settlers at Dover, New Hampshire, was a man by the name of Tobias Foss. His cabin stood on the Toll End Road, on the left bank of the Cocheco, close by the Upper Falls. Here, as the settlement grew in numbers, he built a rude mill, to which the settlers for miles around brought their grain; and this, coupled with what he raised from his lands, was more than enough for the support of his family, which consisted of a wife and three small children.

The cabin stood on a high hill, from which the trees had been cleared for several rods on either side, partly for the purpose of bringing the soil under cultivation, and partly that it might not offer shelter to the savages, who might seek to approach the cabin with hostile intent.—Some miles distant from the blockhouse, which had been erected on Garrison Hill and commanded by Major Waldron, they would have little chance to escape thither in case of danger, and so relied more upon the stout walls of the cabin for defence than the distant garrison.

The mill was not visible from the cabin. It stood in a wild, secluded spot on the bank of the river, hemmed in with sharp hills and heavy forests, through which only a rude path led, that was daily trod by the owner of the mill and those that had business thereto. Deep shadows lay across it, and hung over the mill like a pall, and so thick was the foliage upon the banks that hardly a ray of sunlight ever found its way down upon the talking water, as it hurried over the dam, and was dashed upon the black rocks below.

Mrs. Foss often declared that she never went to the mill without experiencing a shudder of fear on account of its gloomy location, and that it always seemed to her as though the woods were full of Indians, peering out at her on either side, ready to spring out upon her and take her life in cold blood, but her husband laughed at her fears, and said that she was as safe there as in the cabin, and that, as far as he was concerned, he gave little thought to the savages while about his daily toil.

One day, late in September, he went to his work at the mill in the morning, as usual. The sky was overcast, giving promise that rain would be falling before nightfall. A solemn stillness pervaded the forest, like that which sometimes precedes a storm; and Mrs. Foss, standing in the doorway, watching her husband as he went down the hill and into the forest to his work, felt a boding of evil that she could not shake off. To her it seemed as though the very silence possessed a voice, and was speaking to her, telling of more terrible danger which was impending over them. As the day wore on, the sky, if anything, assumed a more leaden hue, and the clouds came down so low that they seemed almost to touch the tops of the trees which surrounded the little clearing. With the passing hours and the increasing gloom, the depression which had been weighing upon the spirits of the miller's wife increased; and long before the hour of noon came, she was firmly convinced, in her own mind, that some terrible danger threatened them, even if harm had not already come to her husband while at his work in the mill.

Filled with these gloomy thoughts, she moved about the cabin, preparing the noontide meal. In those days timepieces were a costly luxury which but few possessed; and, as the cabin was without one, and the sun was not shining, she had to rely upon herself to guess the time when the meal should be ready. But she had done this too many times to greatly err; and, when at last the meal was in readiness, she was ready to wager anything it was but a few minutes from the meridian, one way or the other. For a few moments she lingered about the table, waiting for the familiar step of her husband to sound outside, and replying to the eager clamor of the children that they might be allowed to go down to the mill for their father. Then, with them still clinging about her, she went to the doorway, and gazed anxiously toward the river. She could see nothing of him, nor hear a sound, save the dull roar of the river breaking over the dam, and rushing among the stones below, mingled with the sighing of the wind through the tree-tops, which told of the rain as plainly as the leaden sky overhead. Far away in the distant hills it seemed as though the rain had already begun to fall, and, in a little time, would be there.

The children still clamored to be allowed to go to their father, but to this she would not consent. The way was lonely through the woods, and, to her, was always teeming with danger. She would wait a little longer, when he would surely come. The day being overcast, and he hard at work, the time might slip by faster than he was aware, and not imagine that dinner time had come.

Slowly the moments dragged themselves along to the impatient woman, and, with the lapse of each, her fears for the safety of her husband increased. Surely some harm must have come to him, for he had never been so late to his meals before; and, unable longer to control her fears, she bade the children follow her; and closing the cabin door, she took the path that led down towards the mill.

As she crossed rhe edge of the clearing and entered the forest, she thought that it had never seemed so gloomy there before, and never so filled with strange sounds as those which seemed to salute her ears from every side. Even the children seemed impressed with the strange moaning of the tree-tops, and ceased their childish prattle, clinging about the skirts of their mother, as a sort of undefined dread crept over them, communicated in part, perhaps, by the gloom which they read upon the face of their parent.

Deeper and deeper grew the gloom as they plunged into the forest and approached the mill. The moaning sounds that filled the tree-tops were lost in the roar of the water over the dam, as they came nigh the river's bank. A turn in the forest path showed them the mill a little way before them, the door standing open, but no signs of life about it.

For a moment Mrs. Foss paused, and listened for any sound that might come therefrom. But nothing met her ear save the roar of the water. The mill wasn't at work, or the groaning of the ponderous wheels would have long ago saluted her ears. The silent and deserted appearance of the mill added to her fears, and she hesitated about stepping within the doorway. Might not a fearful scene greet her eyes and chill the blood in her veins? Pausing within a few feet of the open door, she called aloud to her husband.

There was no answer save the roar of the water, which seemed to echo back to drown her cry. Again it was repeated, but with a like result, and then, summoning all her courage, with her children clinging about her skirts, she stepped within the mill.

A glance about the first floor showed nothing that added to her fears. No signs of human life were there. The huge wheels and the belt with its running gear confronted her with their maze of complications, for the mills of those old days were fearfully and wonderfully made.—The stairs that led up to the story above stood in one corner, up which the grain was carried to the hopper; and towards these she moved to explore the upper room.

Bidding her children remain at the foot of the stairs until her return, she began the ascent, and her head had nearly reached a level with the floor above, when, glancing in through the open stairs, she beheld a sight which turned her limbs to stone and her blood to ice.

Perched upon the broad wheel around which the great belt ran, were two huge painted savages.

For a moment it seemed as though she could not retain her footing. Her brain reeled, and her limbs grew weak beneath her, until it seemed as though they could not sustain her body. A film obscured her sight, and for a moment she was unconscious of all about her. By a violent effort she threw the spell from her, and once more became alive to her terrible situation. Without moving from the stairs upon which she stood, she glanced once more at her fearful foes, but quickly withdrew her eyes, fearful that they might think she had seen them, and therefore hasten the fate she felt was impending over them.

For a moment the bewildered woman knew not what to do. Death for herself and children stared her in the face, and from it there seemed no possible chance of escape; yet even then she was clinging to life, and planning to save her own and those dear to her.

That her husband had fallen by their hands she had no doubt. Even then he was doubtless lying, a ghastly corpse, in some part of the mill, or somewhere in its vicinity; and she was afraid to turn her eyes in any direction, lest they should be blasted by a sight that should completely prostrate her, and deliver them an easy prey to the savages.

She had started for the upper chamber; and to turn back now, she was fearful would attract the attention of the savages. Therefore, with a violent effort she kept on, though fearing every moment to hear a cry from one of the children, who might espy one of the savages, and therefore hasten the terrible death which stared them in the face.

Two steps more and the chamber was revealed to her, and her heart grew sick at the sight which she there beheld. A little way from the hopper, and close by the lever by which the floodgate was raised, lay the body of her husband, weltering in his blood. A large pool lay upon the floor, which had flown from a musket wound in his heart, and the scalp had also been torn from the head of the victim. The features were distorted, and hardly a semblance remained of him who had that morning left the cabin so full of life.

For a moment she stood incapable of motion; and then, with a cry, she sprang forward and knelt by the body of her husband. But for a moment only was her own safety and that of her children forgotten. One kiss upon the pale lifeless face upturned before her; and then she hastened to put into execution a plan which had been rapidly conceived in her brain. Should it be successful, the safety of herself and children would be assured, and the death of her husband at the same time avenged.

The lever by which the flood-gate was raised and the mill set in motion was before her; and springing to it, she exerted all her strength to make it answer to its use. For a moment it seemed that the task was beyond her strength. The lever refused to move, and the cumbrous machinery of the mill was motionless.—Again she exerted her strength, and, to her great joy, she found that it was moving.

More resolutely she bent to the task; and at last the lever went slowly, and the gate came up. A rush of waters sounded beneath, and the next moment the hugh wheel began to revolve, and clank, and groan, as was their custom in use.

A cry from unmistakably savage throats told her that her plan had succeeded, and that the redskins were caught in the trap she had set for them.

By hiding away in such a spot upon her approach, that they might thereby more surely ensure her destruction and that of her children, they had got themselves in a situation from which it was hard escaping.

The cries of her frightened children, mingled with those of the savages and the clanking of the mill, came to her ears, and she hastened to descend the stairs to them. Once upon the lower floor, the children clung to her with frightened cries; and while she tried to hush them, she took in at a glance the situation of affairs, and saw to her great joy, that the plan she had laid had succeeded admirably.

The savages, clinging with all their strength to the huge wheel, were being rapidly whirled round and round, while at each revolution it seemed as though they must be hurled violently to the floor.

With wild cries they went round and round; and the miller's wife saw they were becoming dizzy, and could not much longer retain their hold upon the arms of the wheel upon which they were perched. They must be hurled to the floor; and, if not stunned by the fall, she and her children would be again at their mercy.

A glance showed her her husband's axe standing by the door; and as quick as thought she hastened to possess it.—Now, with a weapon of defence, she felt greater courage than she had yet experienced. Her children, nearly frantic with terror, still clung to her skirts. The cries of the savages alarmed them to such an extent that they could not be induced to leave her for a moment.

A glance at the savages showed her that one of them had become dizzy and could not much longer retain his hold.—The moment that was to decide their fate was fast approaching, and she nerved herself to meet it.

By a violent effort she succeeded in disengaging the children from about her, and with uplifted axe, sprang toward the wheel, just as the savage let go his hold, and was hurled violently almost at her very feet. With all the strength her arm possessed, she swung the axe above her head, and brought it down with such force and precision that the skull of the bewildered and helpless savage was cleft in twain.

Another cry broke from the lips of the remaining savage. His hold upon the wheel was rapidly loosening; and, dazed as he was, he saw that the fate of his companion must shortly be his. But one chance of life occurred to him, and that was to attempt to spring from the wheel from the opposite side from where lay the body of his companion, and where he thought the intrepid woman would not venture while the machinery of the mill was in motion. With all his remaining strength he made the attempt; but it was fatal to him, for he was caught by the bolt and dashed on with resistless force against a post standing near. The mill went on, the wheel dragging him round, at each revolution repeating the blow, and in a little time the savage was beaten out of all resemblance of humanity.

With grateful heart for the deliverance which had been vouchsafed to them, Mrs. Foss gathered her children about her, and hurried from the mill which contained so many horrors. In the rain which had commenced to fall, she hastened along the path, past their cabin, which would never seem like home to her again, after the terrible occurrence of the day, and down to the main settlement below.—There, assured of safety for herself and children, the strength which had sustained her gave way; and it was weeks before she was able to leave the cabin of the friend with whom she had taken refuge.

The site of the old mill is to be seen on the Toll End Road, and few are the dwellers thereon that cannot repeat its story.

STORY OF A HAT.—The South Norwalk Sentinel tells a romantic story of a young lady, who some time ago was employed as a hat trimmer in a manufactory of that city. One day, being more than usually disgusted with her tedious and prosaic occupation, on the impulse of the moment she wrote her name and address upon the lining of a hat she had just finished, and patiently awaited the result. The hat, with hundreds of others, was sent off to the "trade" and finally purchased by a young New Yorker, who chanced to discover the name upon the lining. Being of a romantic turn of mind he wrote to the young lady; an intimacy followed, and the result was the marriage of the two last week.

Apropos of the above, but not of the same romantic and pleasing character, is the following story from the Danbury, Conn., *News:* "A girl in this town stitched her name in the lining of a hat beneath the statement: 'I am thine; wilt thou be mine?' and sent it adrift. After various vicissitudes it was purchased by a certain gentleman, and took a position on his head. One day the lining became loose, and in endeavoring to fasten it his eye rested upon the sentiment and name, and he involuntarily exclaimed, 'D—n fool!" When Martha returned to her home that day she was taken to a retired part of the cottage and warmed with a strap. The gentleman who got the hat was her father."

A HUMANE ACT PUNISHED.—The *Liberal Christian* has the following anecdote from a gentleman who was an eye-witness of the circumstance narrated:

The thermometer often stands for days at from 109 to 117 degrees in the Red Sea, and when the vessel is with the wind, and traveling about with the speed of the air, the lack of any breeze or ventilation makes life on the steamer almost insupportable. On this occasion four men and two women among the passengers were so overcome with the heat that the ship's doctor reported that they must die if the ship's course were not changed and a breeze created by traveling against the wind. The captain very reluctantly, and in dire fear of the company's orders, yielded to the cry of humanity and steamed one hundred miles back on his course. He thus reduced the oppressive temperature twenty degrees, ventilating his ship, and saving the lives (probably) of six passengers. The government fined the company (who excused the captain, although not without a warning not to do it again) a thousand pounds for going out of the prescribed route with her majesty's mails.

The Nine of Diamonds.

A correspondent having requested us to state why the nine of diamonds card is called the "curse of Scotland," has induced us to give a very full answer to this often asked but seldom answered question. The famous family of the Dalrymples, from whom so many strange and horrible stories have their origin, are also the cause of this curious expression.

Sir James Dalrymple, first earl of Stair, was a man of great ability and active public life in Scotland during the days of the protectorate, after the restoration and in the reign of William and Mary. Macaulay speaks of him as the "founder of a family eminently distinguished at the bar, on the bench, in the senate, in diplomacy, in arms and in letters, but distinguished also by misfortunes and misdeeds which have furnished poets and novelists with material for the darkest and most heart-rending tales." Sir Walter Scoot called him one of the greatest lawyers who ever lived, and his family an "illustrious race." It was the daughter of this earl of Stair, James Dalrymple, who stabbed her bridegroom in the nuptial chamber, upon which incident Scott founded his story of the bride of Lammermoor.

Sir James Dalrymple lived in corrupt times, had to do with wicked men, and must have been depraved, indeed, to exceed the sins of those of his days; yet he appears to have been hated with great intensity by a large portion of the Scottish people. His wife was believed to be a witch, and his many tragic misfortunes were considered special visitations of Providence. Still, withal, there had not yet fallen to the history of his house the harsh imputation implied by the term we are about to explain.

This remarkable man shared his political power with his son, the able John Dalrymple, who, under William III, was appointed Lord Advocate of Scotland, and by his connection with the frightful massacre of Glencoe, brought upon himself and his father's house the redoubled hatred of the people. The story of the fierce crime is briefly as follows:

William had issued a proclamation of pardon to all the highlanders who would "tender their submission before the first of January, 1692." In obedience to this demand the little clan of Macdonald of Glencoe, through the person of their chief, desired so to report their intention, but severe weather and mishaps delayed his arrival before the proper officials until five days after the final day. John Dalrymple and others, overjoyed at the incident, obtained, by misrepresentations to the king, permission to subdue the clan. A company of soldiers (Campbell's) were sent to the lonely glen, and a scene of atrocious cruelty was enacted, resulting in the destruction of the clan, by bloodshed, hunger and cold.

The coat-of-arms of the Dalrymples is described, in heraldic phrase, "at or on a ground saltire azure, nine lozenges of the field," meaning, principally, *nine diamonds*, on a St. Andrew's cross. The explanation is guessed before we finish—the *nine* of diamonds is, by reason of resemblance, called the "Curse of Scotland."

It is also said that Dalrymple's order sending Campbell of Glenlyon—who, by the way, was one of the ancient kinsmen of the lately celebrated Marquis of Lorne—on the bloody errand to the fatal glen was written on the back of the nine of diamond card, but this is altogether unlikely.

A ROMANTIC STORY.—Here is a neat little story from Kentucky: About twenty-five years ago a young man from that State took a horseback ride to Virginia, where his father came from, and on his way he met a man and his family moving West, so poor that they were almost reduced to starvation. He had compassion on the wretched group, and gave them a $20 bill with which to reach their journey's end. In about fifteen years the young man received a letter from the man he had befriended, saying that he was a prosperous merchant in Southern Kentucky, and enclosing a $20 note to repay his loan. After another ten years, which included the great rebellion and its termination, he was elected to the Lower House of the Kentucky Legislature, and being a man of talent and influence, was chosen Speaker, during the contest for which, he had noticed that a stranger and one of the other party was his strongest supporters. His curiosity was aroused by this, and he asked the man's motive, as he never had to his knowledge seen him before. "Sir," replied the member, "you will recall, when I mention it, a little scene that occurred when you were a boy on your way to Virginia. It was you who saved my wife from starvation. She has told me time and again, that never did a morsel of food taste so sweet—so utterly delicious,—as that you gave her then. She was but six years old at that time; but when she saw your name, during the late canvas, among the prominent probable candidates for the speakership, she laid down the law as to how I was to vote. This is all. Neither she, nor her father and mother, brother and sisters, nor myself, can ever forget you."

WANTED—A cover for bare suspicion, a veil for the face of nature, buttons for breaches of privilege, binding for volumes of smoke, cement for broken engagements.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, : : JUNE 24, 1871.

Democratic State Nominations.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:

GENERAL WILLIAM M'CANDLESS,
Of Philadelphia.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL:

CAPTAIN JAMES H. COOPER,
Of Lawrence County.

A PLOT TO ASSASSINATE THE POPE.—From the London office of the New York *World* the following startling item of news was despatched to that paper under date of Monday, June 19th:

A special despatch from Rome, dated Sunday, 18th, announces that a plot to assassinate the Pope has just been discovered. It ii said to have been concocted in London, Florence, and Paris, by members of the International Society of Working-men. The assassination, it is further stated, was planned for yesterday. The papal jubilee was attended with great eclat. All the sovereigns of Europe, including Queen Victoria, sent congratulations to his Holiness. A further postponement of the transfer of the Italian capital will probably soon be announced.

THE amendment to the constitution of West Virginia, providing for the removal of all political disabilities, and known as the "Flick Amendment," was lately voted on by the people with the following result: For the amendment, 23,546; against the amendment, 6,323—giving a majority of 17,223 in favor of its ratification. Such would be the verdict of the people in every Southern State, if the question was submitted to a vote. It is to the credit of the negroes, that, having acquired their freedom, they are almost unanimously in favor of general amnesty. The radical majority in Congress, however, following the well known and often expressed feelings of Grant, have steadily refused to pass a bill for that purpose, and will continue to refuse until after the Presidential election.

JUDGING from the temper of the radical press of Philadelphia, the nominations which have been recently made by that party for the various city offices, have caused wide spread discontent. The corrupt and demoralizing appliances of the old *rings* exerted a controlling influence in the selection of the candidates, as is manifest from the nomination of the notorious Wm B. Mann for District Attorney and the so-called Gen. Collis for City Solicitor. If the democrats of Philadelphia will rise to the occasion and seize the opportunity which now so invitingly presents itself, they can win a brilliant victory. Will they do it? This depends entirely on the kind of men who are chosen at the delegate elections, to be held next week. If good men are then selected, a strong and acceptable ticket, and one that can succeed with the people, will be nominated. But if the old party hacks, the scheming and corrupt politicans of the different wards, are permitted to have full sway, then the nominations will be weak and unsatisfactory—not fit to have been made—and certain and disastrous defeat will be the consequence. Of the Philadelphia democracy it may be emphatically said, in view of the dissatisfaction existing in the ranks of their opponents, that "to be forwarned is to be forearmed."

WE direct the attention of our readers to certain official documents, published on our fourth page, in reference to the supposed marvellous properties of the wood of a tree called "cundurango," which grows in Ecuador, one of the republics of South America. It is claimed by eminent physicians of that country, that a decoction of the wood of the "cundurango" will remove *cancer*, which has heretofore been regarded as hopelessly incurable. Its merits have been tested in several instances, by scientific physicians in Ecuador, with great success. So important have its curative properties been regarded, that the United States consul to that country has brought the matter to the notice of this government in the correspondence referred to. It will be seen that the discovery of the peculiar medicinal virtues of the tree was purely accidental, and that in an attempt to do a personal evil a great public good has possibly been the result. It is said that Dr. Bliss, of Washington city, is now successfully using this remedy in removing a cancer from Mrs. Matthews, the mother of Vice President Colfax. A large supply of the wood of the "cundurango" is now on its way to this country, and as soon as it is received it is the intention of the government to give it a thorough test with cancer patients in some of the city hospitals. The result will be looked for with much anxiety.

Greeley on Carpet-Baggers.

After his return to New York from his journey to Texas, Horace Greeley was tendered a public reception by the Lincoln Club of that city. Mr. Greeley responded to this welcome in a lengthy address, from which we take the following extract. Having witnessed the mischievous and baneful results of carpet-bag villainy, in its own peculiar home, he is a competent judge, and thus draws the picture of the horde of thieves and plunderers who have been the great obstacle to the peace and good order of society in every Southern State that has been cursed by their rapacity:

"The thieving carpet baggers are a mean pack. They do exist there. I have seen some of them; they are fellows who crawled down South in the track of our armies, and generally at a safe distance to the rear; some of them in the sutler's wagons, and some with cotton permits in their pockets; and they ingratiated themselves with the negroes—a simple, credulous, ignorant set of men very ready to follow any who profess to be champions of their cause: and so some of them got elected as Senators and Representatives, and some as judges, sheriffs, &c.: and there they stand right in the public eye stealing, plundering, some of them with their arms around the negro and their hands in his pockets—(laughter)—and the public looks at them and does not look at the honest men, and calls them carpet baggers. Thep are pious men, too, these thieving carpet-baggers, and are greatly concerned about the salvation of the black man's soul. 'Let us pray,' they say—(great laughter at Mr. Greeley's imitation of the tone of these saints)—but they spell pray with an e. (Renewed laughter.) They obeyed the apostolic injunction to pray without ceasing. Fellow citizens, the time has been and still is when it is perilous to be known as a Republican or abolitionist in the South: but it never called a blush of shame to a man's cheek until those thieving carpet-baggers went there. They got into the Legislature They issued bonds and formed improvements. The improvements were not made and the bonds went into their own pockets. (Laughter.) But you will say, gentlemen, that we have such at the North. Yes, we have, and I know many of them—(laughter)—but it is this, that the South was without money, almost without friends, these fellows came there to rob when there was nothing to steal, or very little, taking the last shinplaster off a dead man's eyes. They were recognized not only as thieves but as enemies. Here the men who steal are at least our countrymen: so at Albany, Trenton, or Harrisburg those who steal do not carry the money out of the State as these fellows do. The South was not merely beaten, but it was very much astonished: they have not got over the amazement of their defeat yet. What they see of us they see through these robbers. And they view the North with jaundiced eyes, representing to them disgrace, and the greatest obstacle to the accendency of Republican principles are these fellows, and as such I denounce them. Well, friends, you justify the Ku Klux—justify them in what? If they should just take a hundred of these thieves and place them gently across rails and bear them peaceably across the Ohio, I should not justify the act, but the tears I should shed would live in a very small onion—(laughter)—that would water all my sorrow: but they do not do that."

Tragic Death of Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham.

While we are writing these few lines, (Tuesday) the sad and mournful preparations are being made at his late home to consign to their last resting place all that is mortal of Clement L. Vallandigham. His sudden and tragic fate will cause a profound feeling of regret throughout the country, in which those who widely differed from him in political sentiment will participate, in common with his most enthusiastic admirers and friends. He has been cut down by a most strange and singular accident, in the pride of his manhood and the full vigor of his intellect. The manner of his death was most remarkable. Being professionally engaged in the defence of a man accused of murder, and with a pistol in his hand, which he supposed to be unloaded, he was endeavoring in his own room and in the presence of one of the counsel associated with him to illustrate his theory that the man who was said to have been murdered, might accidentally have caused his own death. His attempted proof unfortunately cost him his own life.

Mr. Vallandigham has acted a conspicuous part in the political affairs of the country ever since his first appearance in Congress, in 1856. No public man has been more prominent and certainly no one has been the subject of more bitter denunciation on the one hand, or warmer eulogium on the other. Although not a great man, he possessed all the essential elements of true greatness, and, if his life had been spared, would undoubtedly have attained a much higher distinction than he had yet reached. He was a man of strong and earnest convictions, and being possessed of great moral courage, was always ready to avow and defend them. If he was ambitious, he was free from all the low arts of the political demagogue, by the skillful use of which so many of our public men have rapidly risen to fortune, if not to fame. Above all else he was a pure, unselfish and noble-hearted man, and has left behind him a reputation for personal integrity without blemish or reproach. His untimely death forcibly recalls to memory the expressive words of Burke on a like melancholy occasion, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

The particulars of Mr. Vallandigham's sad and shocking death are given in the despatches published below:

CINCINNATI, June 16.—A special to the Gazette, from Lebanon, states that Clement L. Vallandingham, one of the counsel of Thos. M'Gehan, accidentally shot himself to-night at 9 o'clock, at the Lebanon House. He was in a room in company with Gov. McBirney, and while showing, with a pistol, how Myers the murdered man might have shot himself, the pistol was discharged, the ball entering the right side of the abdomen below the ribs. What direction the ball took is not known.—The surgeons are making an examination. Dr. Reeves, of Dayton, has been dispatched for. The latest word is that the ball did not enter the intestines, and the wound is not mortal. He has perfect possession of his faculties. The pistol used was a Smith Wesson. No one knows how it came to be discharged. The accident produces intense excitement in Lebanon.

CINCINNATI, June 17.—Mr. Vallandingham died at eighteen minutes before ten this morning. He sank very rapidly after three o'clock, having no pulse scarcely after that hour. Dr. Dawson of Cincinnati, arrived at three o'clock, but was too late to do any good for the dying man. Judge Haynes, his law partner from, Dayron, reached Lebanon this morning, with other personal friends, and who were with him in his last hours. McGehan, in the prosecution of whose case he lost his life, was taken from jail this morning to his bedside, and shed tears as he beheld his dying friend, who had appeared during the progress of the trial to summon all his energy and legal acumen in his defense. Mr. Pollett made the argument for the State yesterday, and was to have been followed this morning by Mr. Milliken, and it was expected Vallandingham would finish his argument this evening or on Monday morning. Judge Pope, before whom the trial was proceeding, adjourned the Court this morning until Monday. Mrs. Vallandingham started for Baltimore last evening, called there by a dying brother. Mr. Vallandingham's body will be taken at once to Dayton, reaching there about 3 o'clock.

From detailed accounts published it to-day appears that Mr. Vallandingham with his associate counsel, had been out on Friday evening experimenting with a view of ascertaining how near the muzzle of a pistol could be held to cloth without burning it. The test was made and they were returning, two balls having been fired from the pistol. Milliken, associate counsel, urged him to discharge the remaing three balls, but Vallandingham said: "No, never mind," and though Milliken repeated the suggestion, Vallandingham declined to discharge them, and took the pistol upstairs, and laid it beside an empty one, which he intended to use in the argument on Saturday. This led to the tragedy, which soon followed. The Enquirer this morning pronounces his loss to the Democratic party in Ohio almost irreparable. A public meeting will be held on Monday, at the Board of Trade rooms, to take action in regard to his death and funeral.

ERIE, the oil regions, and possibly Niagara, is to be visited by the Democratic State Editorial Association next summer.

"OUT ON THE FLY!"

The Ink-Slingers on a Pleasure Trip—Where They Were, What They Saw, and How They Liked It.

As the readers of the *Freeman* are already aware, we "threw up our hand" on Monday evening of last week, and with our wife by our side and our trunk, elephants-like, before us, we struck out for Bellefonte, where we were reliably informed that the annual summer meeting of the Pennsylvania Democratic Editorial Association was to be held on the following day, and that that was to be succeeded on Wednesday by a general rush to Williamsport, where the State Editorial Association, regardless of politics, would then have convened for the purpose, among other things, of getting together and extending the excursion to Watkins' Glen, at the head of Seneca Lake, in Schuyler county, New York, just one hundred miles above Williamsport. On reaching Cresson we found that Bellefonte would be honored with our presence at just the same hour next day had we remained at home all night. We were in for it, however, and the kind and amiable hostess of the Callan House did not have to use much persuasion to induce us to tarry for the night under the hospitable roof of that comfortable hostelry, which was certainly glory enough for one night. A clean and comfortable bed afforded repose to our bodies and an excellent breakfast gladdened and satiated our appetites, and when we found that our hat, which, by the way, was exceedingly broad in the brim, had been "chalked" for the whole bill, we felt that our lines and several other things, thanks to the generous host and his kind-hearted lady, had indeed fallen in pleasant places. About the hour of six on Tuesday morning, Conductor Quartz very blandly remarked that we could get "all aboard" for Altoona, which we did with an air of felicity that was truly refreshing to all beholders. At Altoona we found several of the brethren on the *qui vive*, if you know where that is, and we can't tell you how glad they were when they beheld the smiling visage of one of the "frosty sons (and daughter) of thunder," which, us and company had the pleasure of representing. To reach Bellefonte and points beyond it was necessary for us to leave Altoona, which we did on the Harrisburg Accommodation. At Tyrone several of the fraternity and a few more of the fair sex joined us, or we them, and up the Bald Eagle Valley Rail Road we scooted in the most luxurious cars and best of spirits, for a distance of thirty miles or so, to Milesburg, (probably called so because it is two miles from Bellefonte,) where our train was switched off on to the Snow Shoe R. R., and those two miles accomplished in a very brief length of period. As an evidence of the good feeling prevailing, we may here remark that "our erring but well meaning brethren" of the radical persuasion, with their ladies, although en route direct for Williamsport, very kindly escorted us to Bellefonte, instead of standing around the Milesburg station until the return of the train, which there was no law to prevent them from doing. While we say this much for our radical brethren and sistern, we feel none the less constrained to condemn the ill temper manifested by the train which bore us from Milesburg to Bellefonte. We can hardly expect our readers to believe it, but true it is that that particular train had its *back up* all the way, and even on our return trip it was in no better humor, for it *run us all down* in very short meter. Still it deserves much credit for enabling us to reach Bellefonte in the *briefest* time possible, which *suited* very well two lawyer editors of our party at least. At Bellefonte our reception was "child-like and bland," the *Watchman* in waiting for us being as *Meek* as a lamb, or a man that had just been *lammed*. Our greeting, however, was as cordial as our treatment while there was kind and hospitable, and everybody seemed as glad as we were that we had arrived. If we had got in face foremost, instead of *vice versa*, we don't believe they would have been better pleased. From the station to the Bush House was but a short walk, and once there and properly domiciled, the hotel register revealed the fact that some thirty-five Democratic editors and probably a baker's dozen of ladies were there to *make lane* the larders of that stupendous and comfortable hostelry. On the principle of business before pleasure, a meeting was convened as soon as possible, and although its deliberations were broken in upon by summoning us to an excellent dinner, (a summons which was obeyed with alacrity, not only because we were hungry, but because table na*pkins* were more desirable, if less amusing, than some other *kins* that wasn't to be caught napping, much as we could have wished for such a denouement.)—notwithstanding this agreeable interruption, we proceed to say, the convention succeeded in securing the signatures to the constitution of all present who had not previously signed it, as well as in adopting a resolution commendatory of the late Democratic State convention and its able nominees, appointing a committee to draft a series of by-laws for the government of the Association, (the report of which committee was unanimously concurred in on the following morning,) and electing the gentlemen named below as officers for the ensuing year: President, Hon. H. L. Dieffenbach, Bloomsburg *Columbian*; Vice President, Col. Chas. J. Biddle, Philadelphia *Age*; Secretary, W. P. Furey, Mauch Chunk *Times*; Cor. Sec'y, H. G. Smith, Lancaster *Intelligencer*; Treasurer, J. W. Rohrer, Kittanning *Sentinel*; Executive Committee, J. W. Brown, Harrisburg *Patriot*, August Duncan, Chambersburg *Valley Spirit*, and H. A. McPike, Ebensburg *Freeman*. Our own election was of course exceedingly gratifying to—us, but when the daily papers came around next day and informed us that M. Pike (an abbreviati on no doubt of Mud Pike) was one of the Executive Committee, we felt the overwhelming truth of the adage which says that glory consists in being killed in battle and then having our name misspelt in the newspapers. Not being either slain or slewed, however, owing perhaps to the fact that *Sansom* and his jaw-bone was on our side, we soon gained our equal-Abraham, and have felt hunky-dory ever since. An excursion to Nittany Mountain in carriages, furnished by the kind citizens of Bellefonte, irrespective of party, followed soon after, and if there is any drive more exhilerating, any road finer or smoother for a distance of about seven miles, or any view in the country more charming or picturesque than that seen from the mountain, we are content to "pass in our chips" without feasting our eyes upon it. That grand panoramic view of Penn's Valley, with its well tilled farms, its handsome farm-houses, its pretty villages, its magnificent groves, and its many points of historic interest, is too sublime, too enchanting, for any description of ours to do it justice. It was indeed fitting that the knights of the pen should be there to drink in as it were the countless beauties of Penn's Valley! Delighted beyond measure, our party turned to retrace their steps (carriage steps) towards Bellefonte, the road leading thereto being by this time, in the estimation of one of our party at least, almost celestial in its aspects, owing to the *milky way* which led him into all the cheerful byways and *udder* delights of Pleasant Gap. The lacteal fluid, however, proved a second Delilah, inasmuch as there was one chair vacant at the elegant trout supper and one bed tossed before its time. Once again in the pretty town of Bellefonte, we were not long in sitting ourselves down to the pleasant task of discussing a sumptuous trout supper at the Bush House, interlarded with delicious viands, neat toasts, brilliant sentiment, and pleasant repartee—all the free gift or the pleasing results of the free gift of the kind-hearted people of Bellefonte. After the supper came a season of pleasant recreation and refreshing slumber, followed by a visit to the large and magnificent spring which supplies the town with water, after first forcing the fluid by means of a water-wheel into an immense reservoir on an adjacent hill. We also inspected that model "print shop," the Bellefonte *Watchman* office, saw the water-power which runs the presses, beheld the close proximity of a fine trout stream, with the finny denizens of which our friend Meek can communicate at any time from either of the side windows of his office by merely *dropping them a line*; wended our way to the glass works, where we saw much to interest and instruct us, albeit there was more *blowing* than striking in the process. We were glad to see that they made *light* of their work, however, and spared all the *panes* they could in the making of window glass. A few other prominent features of the beautiful town commanded our attention for a little while, and then with P. Gray Meek and his amiable and estimable lady, and P. Gray's right bower, Joe Furey, as hostages, and with grateful recollections of the princely welcome and generous hospitality that had been so lavishly vouchsafed to us, we bid a mental adieu to Bellefonte and its noble-hearted citizens, and turned our faces in the direction of Williamsport.

Over the Snow Shoe to Milesburg, over the Bald Eagle Valley to Lock Haven, and over the Phila. & Erie R. R. to Williamsport we quickly sped our way, reaching the latter city, the most beautiful and wealthiest of its size perhaps in the Union, in time for a most magnificent dinner at that palatial and splendidly furnished hotel known as the Herdic House. Our trip thus far was indeed of the most pleasing character, and had we space we would gladly detail many agreeable incidents which occurred on the way. As it is, we can only say for ourself that we did all we could and as often as we could to do what seemed to us to be the mandate of the cabalistic letters which greeted us so often between Lock Haven and Williamsport, and the result was that we went to dinner with a very *empty case*—so empty indeed that it took considerable time to fill it with solid *inside matter*. In course of time and course of dishes, however, we accomplished the feat, and then, after listening to an account of the *booming* excursion on the Susquehanna river, which we were too late to enjoy, we joined the throng moving in the direction of the Academy of Music, a building of which Williamsport, with all its palatial residences and magnificent public edifices, has just reason to be proud. A cordial welcome from the Mayor on behalf of the citizens, an excellent essay on the art of printing and a fine poem on the same subject, both of which we shall gladly publish at an early day, was the order of exercises at this beautiful hall. After this "feast of reason and flow of soul." we all returned to the Herdic House, where a grand supper (or rather dinner, if the tickets spoke truly,) was served up about 9 o'clock that evening, which was of course interspersed with the usual toasts, speeches, etc., in regular order. While the latter exercises were in progress, some of the disciples of Terpsichore inaugurated a social dance in another part of the house, which they kept up until the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal," while the rest of us sought the arms of Morpheus about the turn of the night and snoozed away until 5 o'clock Thursday morning, when we were called to an early breakfast, in order to be ready for the first train to Watkins. *En passant*, we may remark that a large number of M. D.'s (not mule drivers,) had came on a *pill*-grimage, or grim pillage, we forget which, from various parts of the State to Williamsport, and we are free to say that both there and at Minequa, where we met them on our return, they behaved themselves as well as if they had been editors instead of doctors, or as if they knew almost as much as do the members of our own craft.

"All aboard!" sounded about a quarter past seven, and Williamsport being an excellent place for boards, as well as for good boarding, the excursionists, numbering about sixty ladies and more than one hundred gentlemen—beg pardon, we should have said editors—got aboard the cars of the Northern Central Rail Road, and soon were speeding away at a rapid rate in the direction of New York State, (poetry,) all in the happiest of moods in anticipation of the delightful scenes and pleasant enjoyments yet in store for them. We must here skip a good deal of what we would like to tell about, and simply say that after a ride of one hundred miles we reached our final destination and what proved the crowning glory of the first summer excursion of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association—Watkin's Glen. What we saw within and without that wonderful canyon we shall not attempt to describe, for our pen is inadequate to the task; and had we not found it done up *Brown* in the Harrisburg *Patriot*, we fear our readers would have to subscribe for another paper in order to get the balance of this story. Our friend Brown does the descriptive very neatly, but we think it is beyond the power of him or any other man to paint the Glen in all its majestic grandeur and unsurpassable beauty. It must be seen to be fully appreciated, and if you, dear reader, contemplate a 4th July trip, by all means go to Watkins' Glen. From the *Patriot* we take up the thread of our narrative in this wise:

"Journeying on a distance of seventy-six miles found us at Elmira, and after a few minutes spent here, in which some of the party sampled the 'Buffalo Beer" and pronounced it good, we hastened off to Watkins, twenty-two miles beyond, and just one hundred miles from Williamsport, which point we reached at half past twelve o'clock. We disembarked and quietly strolled up the street until we reached the Fall Brook House, where we found Messrs. Baker & Sons ready to extend to us a welcome, which they so well know how to do. We hastened to our rooms and made our preparations for the trip through the glen. A short ride of less than half a mile brought us to the mouth of the glen. The first sight startled us with its magnificence. Before us was an open space enclosed by a wall of rock fully three hundred feet high and almost perpendicular. At the end opposite the entrance could be seen a small opening in the rocks, and beyond the clear blue sky, and through this came dancing and laughing a stream of limpid water, and falling over the moss-covered rocks into the basin soon was lost in the valley beneath. We now commenced the ascent, up stairways, over bridges, along narrow passages, we thread our way, ever gazing upon some new and wondrous beauty; now looking up along the most interminable lines of rock reaching far up towards the heavens, or looking down into the waters lashed into foam as it falls from its giddy hights upon the rocks beneath. It were useless to attempt a description of this wonder of the age. No pen can paint it. The pencil of the artist fails to do it justice. But on we go to admire the beauties of Glen Alpha. Here we stop, amazed and almost wonder-stricken at the grandeur of the scene. Four cascades are clearly visible, each differing from the other. But we hurried on, gazing upon new scenes and filled with new pleasures, until we reached Cavern Cascade and Long Staircase. Here, to our mind, is found one of the grandest sights of the whole glen. Up the Long Staircase and we soon reached the Mountain House, and upon its broad porches we sought rest from the fatigues of the journey. At the Mountain House the good people of Watkins had prepared for the hungry crowd of Pennsylvania editors a most sumptuous dinner, which was moistened by a supply of generous wine, the gift of the "Pleasant Valley Wine Company," of Hammondsport, New York.

"The avidity with which the dinner was partaken of, and the keen satisfaction manifested by each individual, should satisfy the very kind people of Watkins that their hospitalities were appreciated. After dinner we started on our trip through the Upper Glen. It must be seen to be realized. But on we go to enjoy the grandeur of Glen Cathedral, Rainbow Falls and Triple Cascades, Whirlwind Gorge, The Winding Way and the innumerable other beauties of the Glen open to the visitor. Everywhere the great architect of the universe has with a lavish hand scattered the rarest of nature's gems. It was our pleasure on our return from the head of the Glen as we neared Rainbow Falls to witness one of the grandest sights we ever looked upon. It had been cloudy with some slight rain, but as we neared Rainbow Falls it cleared off, and the sun's rays penetrated this rock bound cavern and falling upon the water as it leaped from the rocks afforded us a view that none who witnessed it will ever forget. After having hastily viewed the beauties of the Glen we hastened back to the Mountain House, and after refreshing ourselves took carriage and drove to Cemetery Hill, and from the brow of the hill had a most delightful view of the surrounding country. At our feet nestled the beautiful village of Watkins, beyond was Seneca Lake in all its beauty, and to the right stretched out the rich valley of the Chemung. The Glen is now the property of Mr. Parsons, of Troy, Pa., and to whom the party are indebted for many acts of kindness. Watkins is pleasantly located at the head of Seneca Lake and has a population of about 3,500. It has two printing offices and four good hotels—the Fall Brook, Jefferson, Langdon and Northern Central. Judging from the size of the stores and the large stock of goods we should suppose that a thriving business is done by its people. In the evening we enjoyed a ride on Seneca Lake, and were delighted with its scenery. Seneca Lake is about forty miles long and within an average width of two and a half miles. At its widest point it is about seven miles. The boat in making its trip from Watkins to Geneva travels about fifty miles. With this terminated the pleasure of the day."

And now we are out of breath, out of space, and out of time, and still we have to speak of Troy, Bradford county, where we were sumptuously entertained and promiscuously toted about the country and taken to a wonderful mineral spring in the vicinity in handsome turnouts—of R. S. Mennamin, Esq., one of the biggest little men that nature in its happiest mood ever produced—and of other men and other things that gratitude at least forbids us to pass by unnoticed. But all this we must leave for next week, contenting ourself for the present with a full endorsement of the following comprehensive series of thanks reported by the committee appointed for that purpose and unanimously adopted by the Association at its final meeting at Minnequa:

The Editorial Association of Pennsylvania desires to record its sense of obligation to the various gentlemen to whom it is indebted for the great pleasure that has attended its first Summer meeting and Excursion:

To the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, the Northern Central Railroad Company, The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, the Reading Railroad Company, the Catawissa Railroad Company, and the Cumberland Valley and Bald Eagle Railroad Company, we offer our hearty acknowledgments for their kindness in extending the use of their respective roads to the members of this Association, and the ladies accompanying them on the excursion.

To Messrs. Henry W. Gwinner, of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, Ed. S. Young, of the Northern Central Railroad, and Wm. A. Baldwin, of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, we return our thanks for their promptness and courtesy in making all necessary arrangements for our accommodation, and comfort while passing over several roads with which they are connected.

To Mr. Geo. W. I. Ball, Second Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Central, who had charge of issuing the excursion tickets, special thanks are due for the efficient co-operation given the Secretary of this Association in arranging the routes, and for the great pains he was at in performing that service in the most satisfactory manner.

To the Mayor and citizens of Williamsport, for their cordial reception; to Messrs. Schofield & Barry, of the Herdic House and Minequa, for their entertainment; to Messrs. Capron and J. B. J. Kinsloe, for their active co-operation and kind attentions; to Mr. Peter Herdic, for a most agreeable excursion on the Susquehanna, and many other considerate attentions; to Mr. Wm. G. Elliott, proprietor of the Academy of Music, for the use of his beautiful building in which to hold the meeting of this Association, we also return our warmest thanks.

To Messrs. John J. Van Allen, Frederic Davis, Jr., Wm. Baldwin, G. A. Wicks, B. G. Hurd, of Watkins, N. Y.; and to Mr. L. M. Gano, of the Watkins *Express*, for the open-hearted hospitality with which they welcomed us to their beautiful village, for the generous provision made for our entertainment, and for a delightful excursion on Seneca Lake. Their friendly welcome will long be gratefully remembered.

To Messrs. Baker & Sons, of the Fall Brook House; to Messrs. Gamble and Richardson, of the Jefferson House, Mr. D. C. Wilcox, of the Langdon House, and Mr. Calvin Biarthie, of the Waverly, we are indebted for unusual attention to our comfort while in their respective hotels during our stay in Watkins.

To the proprietors of the Delavan House and Rathburn House, at Elmira, N. Y., and to V. M. Lowe & Son, of the Troy House, Troy, Pa., and also to the citizens of Troy, our thanks are due and are hereby tendered for their many courtesies.

We cordially thank Mr. E. B. Parsons, proprietor of Watkins' Glen, Mr. Joshua Jones, lessee of the Mountain House, and Mr. Moralden Ells, manager of the Glen, for their unremitted attention, and for the elegant entertainment provided for us. At the same time we would express our indebtedness to the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., for their liberal and opportune supply of their sparkling product. The pleasure of our visit to Watkins' Glen, and our appreciation of its marvellous beauty, which excited our wonder and admiration, were much enhanced by the kindness of all connected with that charming resort.

To the conductors and *attaches* of the various roads over which we passed, we are indebted for courteous attention to all our wants. Their affability has contributed largely to the enjoyment of our trip, and we cannot too warmly commend the ability with which they have discharged the duties of their trying positions.

Finally, our thanks are eminently due to Mr. R. S. Menamin, Secretary of the Association, for his tact in organizing this excursion, for the ability he has displayed in its management, and for his ceaseless and successful endeavors to promote the pleasure of all participants in this delightful, social re-union of the Pennsylvania press. Respectfully submitted,

H. J. STAHLE, Gettysburg *Compiler*,
HIRAM YOUNG, York *True Democrat*,
D. F. DEALY, Phila. *Evening Herald*,
W. W. DAVIS, Doylestown *Democrat*,
EUGENE H. MUNDAY, Phila. *Proof-Sheet*,
Committee.

But hold, we almost forgot the ladies. Not so with Harry Smith, the good-looking bachelor editor of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*. How neatly he performs the pleasant task when he declares that "the ladies gave tone, character, life and animation to the party. Without them it would have been dull, uninteresting and unprofitable," and more of the same sort. We hope that Mrs. H. G. Smith, *nee* some other name, will lend her valuable aid in the same direction next year. If so, may we be there to see.

—A correspondent of the New Orleans *Times* tells the following singular story: "Not many months ago, as a gentleman was about to plunge into a forest stream for a pleasant bath, he saw far down on the pebbly bottom a terrible simulacrum of himself—lifeless limbs swaying with the tide, a white, drowned face, with starting eyes and blue lips. It was but a second, and the vision faded, and, with a cold shiver, he turned away. A few weeks ago came the news of his death. He fell from the deck of a vessel one stormy night in crossing the Atlantic."

Political and News Items.

—The parties who arrested Ruloff are quarreling over the reward and it has gone to the courts to be decided.

—Natchez, Miss., has a two-year-old amendment that weighs eighty-seven pounds. One of her future Aldermen.

—An act has passed the Legislature inflicting a heavy penalty upon all persons who may hereafter be guilty of mutilating or destroyed handbills.

—A portion of Clinton Mountain, in Arkansas, including about one hundred acres, has sunk, carrying trees entirely out of sight, and the space is continually enlarging.

—The distribution of the $20,000 to sufferers by the Mifflin fire has caused great dissatisfaction. Just what might have been expected. One evil brought on the other.

—The intermarriage of two families in Maine is remarkable. One, consisting of four sons and one daughter, has married all of a neighbor's children, four daughters and a son!

—Information is wanted of a young man named Charles Fisher, aged 18, who left his home in South Hermitage, Lancaster County, on 19th of April last, and has not been heard of since.

—In New York on Sunday, Dr. James Connelly, while laboring under delirium tremens, murdered his two little daughters, aged respectively 3 years and 7 months, and then committed suicide.

—The editor of the Bellefonte *Watchman*, who was at Harrisburg at the time, says that of the one hundred and thirty delegates who composed the Radical State Convention, but forty-six were not office holders.

—Hon. John V. L. McMahon, one of the oldest distinguished lawyers of Maryland, died in Cumberland on Thursday night last. The youngest sister of Mr. McMahon was the wife of the unfortunate Vallandigham.

—In view of the disturbed condition of Europe on the temporal power of the Pope question, Victor Emmauel has thought proper to still further postpone the removal of the Italian capital from Florence to Rome.

—Putnam, the Radical Postmaster of Mobile, one of General Grant's recent appointments, has been arrested and indicted for bribery. From office to the Penitentiary seems to be the fate of Radical officials South.

—A few days since, a one year old child of Rev. Shindle, Lutheran pastor at Perrysville, Juniata county, got hold of a box of percussion caps and swallowed a quantity of them. It was taken ill, and medicine was administered, which expelled *thirty-one* caps. It died the day following.

—A while ago, a poor wayfaring man come to Burnham, Me., but would not reveal his name or residence. He died, and an examination of his effects shows that he was Prof. Greenleaf, the author of the grammar and other school books famous in this country thirty years ago.

—The Fulton *Democrat* says: Mr. Isaac Culp tells us of a blacksnake killed on the farm of Mr. J. B. Lynch, of Bethel township, whose length was seven feet, the head and about six inches of the body was white; it then continued about three feet speckle and the balance wound up black.

—A Newfoundland dog and a hound met on a log across a stream out in Nebraska.—Neither would go back. Finally, after eyeing each other, the Newfoundland spread wide his legs on the outer edges of the log and the hound darted through under his body. Here was canine sagacity.

—A negro in Georgia robbed his employer of a pistol, and, while fooling with it shot himself through the hand. He went to Augusta and told that he had been Ku-Kluxed, and had the United States troops out forty-eight hours looking for them, and while they were gone Sambo stole all their rations.

—On Friday last a son of William Rothrock, ticket agent at Millerstown, Perry county, was run over by a Pennsylvania railroad freight train and killed. He had been on the track with his father and becoming confused ran right into the jaws of death. The boy was about seven years old.

—The Pennsylvania State Medical Society, in session at Williamsport, on Thursday rescinded their rule against women physicians, by a vote of 50 to 40. The rule prohibited, on pain of expulsion from the society, consulted with female physicians, or with those who consulted with them or taught them medicine.

—Walter Johnson, aged fourteen, and Stephen Whitman were fishing from a boat at Stillwater, on the Hudson river, on the 19th, when the boat drifted under the falls of the dam and capsized. Whitman swam ashore. Thomas Doran, aged twenty-two, jumped in to save the boy Johnson, but was seized with cramps, and both were drowned.

—At a negro Sabbath School picnic, near Montgomery, Alabama, the darkies commenced quarreling over the merits of rival Radical candidates, and three were stabbed. A similar row occurred at another black Sunday-School picnic in the same State, and three more were wounded. There were no Democrats at either gathering. It was purely a family fuss.

—If ex Congressman Bowen gets two years in the Penitentiary for having two wives, how many years should Brigham Young get? He must be within the jurisdiction of the laws of the United States, as one of his sons, by one of his wives, is now receiving an education at the expense of the people at West Point. Equal and exact justice is an excellent sentiment.

—Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, says the Pittsburgh *Post*, has been quoted as opposed to the ninth resolution in the Pennsylvania democratic platform. This is not true. He was in Harrisburg during the sitting of the convention, being engaged in the supreme court then in session, and gave his opinion in writing, expressing in the boldest terms the binding obligation of the several amendments to the constitution.

—The news from the far east, if founded in fact, is horrible. Famine is said to be universal in Persia, and in some parts of that kingdom the famished people are charged with killing and devouring their children.—It is difficult to believe such a horrible tale; but the improvidenc of Mahommedans in all countries, and the backward state of agriculture, combine to render even such horrors possible. If there is grain in Europe some of it—the surplus—cannot be better employed than in relieving the distress of the Persians.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH throughout the world has just celebrated an event unprecedented in its history—the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Pius IXth to the Papal throne, which anniversary occurred on Friday last, 16th inst. Of two hundred and fifty-nine Popes, none have hitherto enjoyed the honor of living for a quarter of a century in the possession of the highest position in the gift of the Church. One, Pius VI., came within six months of the time, but failed to realize what may have been his fondly indulged wishes. It is regarded as an event of great importance that a Pope should reach this lengthened term of power, some even regarding it as an event destined to exercise great influence on the future history of the Church. However this may be, the singularity of the circumstance, and the recent misfortunes of the Pope, serve to make the occasion one of great interest to Catholics throughout the world.

NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT.—Desideratums Long Sought FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from coming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humoral, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

Dr. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass., prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Worcester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a square bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

Send two three cent stamps to PROCTOR BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $100 to any person.

For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 8, '71.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

COME and SEE

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and have purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our stock constantly stocked with a full and well-selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE and GLASSWARES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of the character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH OR COUNTRY P

Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : : : JUNE 24, 1871.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Ups and Mishaps at and near Home.

—Thursday, July 6th, has been named for Argument Court.

—Wednesday last was the longest day of the year. We have begun to go down on the other side now.

—The Dauntless squirt is to be put through its motions this (Saturday) evening. Stand from under her stream.

—A lad named Shore fell into a spring at Hollidaysville, Huntingdon county, one day last week, and was drowned.

—Indiana county is exceedingly productive. A man over there has raised a barn 74x45 feet, and didn't manure it any until it was up.

—A lad named Henry was accidentally struck in the face with an axe, in Cherryhill township, Indiana county, a few days ago, and was badly cut.

—Mr. Dominic McBride, whom our Carrollton letter last week noticed as having been severely injured by the kick of a fractious horse, died of his wounds on Monday last.

—A bolt of lightning shocked a man near Dalton, on Tuesday last, by striking the fence a few rods ahead of him. Any man would be shocked at such an occurrence.

—Miss Alice Welshonce, was fouud lying on the floor of a barn at New Florence in an insensible condition the other day. She had fallen from the loft, a distance of nineteen feet.

—Several annoying typographical errors occurred in our paper last week, especially in Hugh Black's letter, which we should have endeavored to guard against had we been at home.

—Mrs. Kate J. Bowman, Mrs. Julia M. Bowman, and Mr. Thos. Carland, all of Altoona, sailed from New York for Ireland on Tuesday last. A safe, pleasant and prosperous voyage to them.

—A little girl in Johnstown had her bonnet injured by a brick which fell from a new building in course of erection there, on Monday. The bonnet was on her head, and her escape was a very narrow one.

—Dennis McCarty, watchman at the Broad Top railroad bridge, Huntingdon, fell off the bridge, on Tuesday evening of last week, and was instantly killed. His neck was broken and his right leg fractured.

—Attention is invited to the special notices of our good friend James Conner, of Pittsburgh, which will be found in this department. He cannot say more this week but will go in the fish and broome[illegible] in our next.

—An old and esteemed citizen of East Conemaugh, named McMurh, died very suddenly on Monday last. He had been ailing for some time, but was in good enough health to attend church on the Saturday previous.

—John Cameron's house, in Cherryhill township, Indiana county, ain't standing where it did on the 10th inst., nor has he anything else furnished and a cook stove with which to furnish a new house. A defective flue did it.

—The general council of Western Penna. Division of the Miners' and Laborers' Benevolent Association, of which Mr. David Tobin, of Gallitzin, is the Secretary, has been called to meet at Johnstown on Tuesday of next week.

—The closing exhibitions at St. Francis' College and St. Aloysius' Academy, Loretto, will take place on Monday and Tuesday of next week—the former on the afternoon of the first and the latter on the morning of the second day.

—Francis Stuchel, of Canoe township, Indiana county, was considerably injured, on 10th inst., by being struck on the head by the top of a falling tree. A young man named Farren had an arm broken in the same township on the same day by a falling limb.

—The names of Edward Glass, Esq., of this place, and of Conemaugh borough, will be presented, among others, for the office of County Treasurer at the coming Democratic County Convention. Either one of these gentlemen would make an honest and efficient officer.

—Mine host Foster, of the Cambria House, raised up new potatoes, grown in his own garden, on Thursday last, which was one day earlier than last year. Some of them were as large as a man's fist. Foster can always be counted in on early vegetables and fat hogs.

—Jacob Koke, convicted in our county court some time before last on two indictments for larceny, was on Saturday last sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary for each offence—two years in all; and Edward Tracy, for a like crime, was sentenced to three months in the county jail.

—A woman at the Huntingdon county Poor House, located at Shirleysburg, died recently from the effects of a pin entering her ear. She had imitated the too common practice of picking that organ with a pin, and, slipping from her fingers, it penetrated to such a depth that efforts to extract it were unavailing.

—An employee on one of the Pa. R. R. wood trains named G. W. Stewart, who resides near Huntingdon, while engaged, a few days ago, in firing an engine for a friend below McAlevytown, was so terribly scalded in consequence of the bursting of one of the steam plugs that he died the same night, after being taken to his home.

—The greatest Pic-Nic of the season will be held at Latrobe on the 4th of July next. The "Great Western Band" of Pittsburgh, and some other Cornet Bands, have been engaged to play for it. The "Homer Zouaves," of Homer, Indiana county, have made arrangements to be present. A general invitation is extended to all.

—The advertisement of the Ebensburg Foundry is forced to take a back pew this week. That don't prevent us, however, from saying that it is in full and successful operation, and is turning out all kinds and the best of work under the efficient proprietorship of Mr. J. A. Shoemaker. Let this worthy institution be well patronized.

—The first annual exhibition of the pupils of Mt. Gallitzin Seminary, in this place, will be held on Thursday of next week, and be followed by a picnic on the afternoon of the same day. The exhibition of the Academy of the Holy Name will take place on the Saturday evening following. The programmes for both exhibitions are first class.

—We are pleased to note that our esteemed and able friend, Prof. C. O. Burg, late of Hollidaysburg, now of St. James' College, Baltimore, was the German orator of the day at the grand celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Pius IXth to the Papacy. Carl has the ability to do himself and his subject justice on all occasions.

—We regret exceedingly to announce the death of the amiable and accomplished wife of R. H. Brown, Esq., of Cresson. She was an amiable lady and a devoted wife, and to her bereaved husband, so lately called upon to mourn the death of an only child, we tender our earnest and heartfelt sympathy. May the great Consoler of all afflictions aid him in this his greatest bereavement.

—Harry Marlett of St Augustine, desires us to say that he has made ample arrangements for the accommodation and enjoyment of all who may join in the grand party at his house on Tuesday evening next, June 27th. Hacks will be at Cresson to meet the afternoon trains on that day, for the purpose of conveying all from that point who may wish to participate in the festivites of the occasion.

—A young lady named Rutledge was shockingly burned at Williamsburg, Blair county, two weeks ago, by her clothes taking fire from a coal oil lamp, that she lived only about twenty four hours. She was in the cellar at the time getting something to eat before retiring to bed, and it is thought that the lamp fell from her hand and was broken, the burning oil igniting her clothing.

—Ebensburg Encampment, No. 210, I. O. O. F., was instituted in this place on Thursday last by D. C. P. James Williams, of Johnstown, assisted by G. R., C. N. Hickock, of Bedford. Packer Encampment No. 127, of Johnstown, was creditably represented by Messrs. Kennedy, Linton, Burgraff, Phillips, Weaver, Harris, Fry, and others. The new Encampment starts out with the most cheering prospects.

Local Correspondence.

LORETTO, PA., June 21, 1871.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN—This, the 25th Anniversary of the Coronation of Pope Pius IXth, is a great day throughout the Catholic world—a great day because our Holy Father has had (if he be living, and I trust he is,) a privilege that no other Pope since St. Peter has had, the privilege of reigning a quarter of a century. And in obedience to the wish of our worthy Bishop, the members of St. Michael's church took great pleasure in celebrating the occasion and in having the privilege of testifying respect and sympathy for our Holy Father, for his unbounded piety, earnest zeal, and exemplary defense of our holy church, as has been most elegantly expressed in the appended resolutions.

The celebration here was in the following order: At 8 o'clock, a. m., Solemn High Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Bush, assisted by Rev. Father Neason and Rev. Father Bowen, after which the order of the exercises and the object for which intended were stated by Rev. Father Bush in a neat and eloquent address, and was followed by an address by the small boys. Next, Mr. Cronan, as student of St. Francis' College, delivered an oration of some length, giving a biographical sketch of our illustrious Pope. Mr. Cronan is an easy, graceful speaker, and delivered a very pleasing discourse. And then Rev. Father Neason addressed the congregation, taking as his subject "The Temporal Power of the Pope." Father Neason is one of the most eloquent and impressive speakers in the diocese, and his oration on this occasion was certainly one that was instructive and entertaining, and reflected much credit on the Rev. orator. This concluded the order of exercises, and it was only left for those who wished to sign the resolutions, and I may add that the resolutions were signed by all present.

The resolutions referred to are appended below, Yours, &c., "SECRETARY."

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED IN SAINT MICHAEL'S CHURCH, LORETTO, JUNE 21ST, 1871.

Whereas, At the invitation of our Right Rev. Bishop Domenec, we are assembled to celebrate in a fitting manner the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Coronation of Pius the Ninth, Pope of that name; and

Whereas, As most humble, devoted and loving children, we cannot but feel our hearts swelling with the most joyful emotions at having the happiness of giving utterance to our congratulations on an occasion so rare in the history of the Church, and consoling in these days of tribulation to the Spouse of Christ; and

Whereas, We cannot but be saddened, in the midst of our rejoicings, by the thought that in captivity and in sorrow our Holy Father pines on a day that should be one of unalloyed happiness to the venerable, saintly, glorious and immortal Pontiff; therefore is it

Resolved, That in union with the Faithful of the whole world, we lay at the feet of the illustrious Pope Pius these our heartfelt congratulations, rejoicing with him on the dawn of the auspicious day, and wishing him many returns of the same until the sublime task confided to him shall have been accomplished.

Resolved, That in addition to this celebration we thankfully behold another proof of the Divine Mercy in letting this bright ray of sunshine pierce the clouds and shed its glories on the storm-tossed bark of Peter.

Resolved, That, in loudest tones and in terms unmistakable, we protest in the face of the whole world against the insult and sacrilege whereby the Supreme Pastor has been robbed of his rights, imprisoned in his own capital, and deprived of the freedom and security which even the lowliest and weakest of our citizens possesses as his most sacred right, and that, so long as the successor of St. Peter remains in bondage, we shall not cease praying with the brethren in the Faith that God may send His angel to strike off his chains and lead him forth to peace, security, happiness, and triumph.

JOHNSTOWN, June 20, 1871.

DEAR FREEMAN—Our friend J. G. Keller, house and sign painter, has done some very neat work of late. In fact, all Mr. Keller's work is neat, but the numbers he has so fancifully placed upon the windows of some of our business stands deserve more than ordinary praise. The truth is—I cannot get the word—the truth is that neither ancient nor modern art has ever excelled the specimens to which we allude. I mean this for no puff, because Mr. Keller has more work now than he can possibly do, but when I see an exhibition of skill I take delight in noting it.

The Merchants' Hotel, formerly the Scott House, has been entirely repainted inside and out, from attic to basement, and looks as new as the stars that deck the blue vault of heaven. The proprietor, Mr. Luther Martin, deserves great praise for the energy and taste displayed in fixing up this hotel, and I sincerely hope that the merit here exhibited may be amply rewarded in a greatly increased patronage.—The heat of summer will drive the wealthy folks from the large cities, as it has done heretofore and I know of no better place to rusticate than at the Merchants' Hotel in Johnstown.

I hope you got along well at the Editorial Conventions and that you will have something good to say about the fraternity. I understand they were well attended.

You printed my description of the "Steel Works" very well. There was but one mistake in it, but that was a bad one. The word "locajed" was printed "heated," conveying the impression that the water must be heated in order to secure hydrostatic pressure, which is not the case. I have often wondered, however, how you managed to read my MSS. so well. ROB ROY.

STRANGE PHENOMENA.—We clip the following from a late number of the Butler Eagle, and publish it in our local department because the farm on which the phenomena is said to have occurred was recently the property of Mr. D. S. Rodgers, now the owner and occupant of the Sam Shoemaker farm, in Cambria township, near this place. Mr. R., if the report be true, left too soon to "strike ile," which of course ain't altogether lovely for him. But here is what the Eagle says about it:

On three different occasions last week a slight quivering of the earth was felt at North Oakland Church, six miles east of this place. This created not a little sensation among the citizens of the neighborhood, some going so far as to assert that it was a veritable earthquake; but the strangest part of the whole thing was the appearance of oil in a well owned by Adam Richart. On Saturday morning last Mr. Richart sent his son to the well for a bucket of water, and was surprised to find it covered for about two inches deep with a greenish liquid resembling crude oil, and upon a further examination it proved such. Mr. Richart at first thought that some one had, either through maliciousness or a desire to raise an oil excitement, poured it in the well, but these both proved erroneous, for as fast as the water is exhausted and refills, the oil makes its appearance. Mr. G. W. Shaffer, of this place, visited the well on Monday last, and tells us that several buckets of water were drawn, and a pint of a light colored crude petroleum taken from each. This is conclusive evidence that oil exists in North Oakland, and that too in no small quantities, and before many weeks we may see that section of our country swarming with oil operators and fortune seekers.

FOURTH OF JULY.—We know of no preparations being made here to celebrate the coming anniversary of American Independence, but all around us our Catholic friends are going to aid their respective churches pecuniarily by holding picnics on that day. St. Augustine, Wilmore, and Gallitzin, we know, are to be the scenes of such festivities, and no one will be disappointed who visits either of those places on that day. Picnics are among the most rational and pleasant sources of recreation and enjoyment, and if any of our readers can make themselves ubiquitous, we advise them to "swing round the circle" and spend a few of their stamps at each of these hospitable villages. At any rate, let all these picnics receive a bountiful patronage.

THE clock on the mantle was clicking, the moments kept gliding away; how ominous sounded its ticking to those who had so much to say. All of which was no fault of the clock, for it was not only once of Chasn, Roberts' very best, and like everything else he sells, was remarkable for cheapness and equal to all emergencies.

DON'T let your precious time go by and the 4th of July come on you before you have bought your wife and daughters, or yourself and sons, a regular American Independence outfit at V. S. Barker's cheap cash store, where pretty goods and low prices have found a permanent abiding place.

LADIES, don't forget Geis & Foster when you visit or go shopping in Johnstown. Their millinery and summer dress goods are exceedingly fine, and astonishingly low are their prices.

SELLING at very close prices is what Geis & Foster, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton street, Johnstown, are doing in order to get rid of their superb stock of millinery and summer goods.

IF you want to be very agreeably surprised, go to Geis & Foster's store, Johnstown, and see what wonderful bargains in millinery and summer dress goods they can give you.

[ORIGINAL.]

AN EPIGRAM

Respectfully Dedicated to R. L. Johnston, Esq.

June 18th makes me fifty-four,
And very *young* at that;
And although I am very *poor*,
Yet I am very *fat*.

I should not *wrote* the word *birth-day*,
Because it is not *right*,
But as the family record shows,
Day should be written *night*—and

My parents both from *Scotland* came,
Yet I'm of *Irish* blood,
And while I'm really made of *clay*,
I am not made of *mud*.

When young I grew up very *fast*,
Though I was very *slow*;
My schoolmates, too, I often *fought*,
Yet never struck a *blow*.

I married, yet I have no *wife*,
Four children are but *three*;
They're often *wrong* when they do *write*,
But they are dear to me.

My eye-sight, true, has failed me some,
And how else could it be?
And though I quickly *see* a *saw*,
I never *saw* a *sea*.

My hair and beard are very black,
Though both are turning gray,
And then the *weakness* in my back
Grows *stronger* every day.

I cannot say that I am *sick*,
Though I am far from *well*;
My future, too, I *prophesy*,
Although I can't *foretell*.

I never yet did take a *vow*,
But I *vow* I will to-day;
And sure I'll keep the vow I take,
'Till it *breaks* all away.

I have been *busy* all my life,
But never *worked* a *stroke*;
And while I'm a *whole* hearted man,
Yet my poor *heart* is *broke*.

As *seamen* often *see* the *land*
Before they *land* from *sea*,
So if the *puns* I make are *dull*,
You're *sharp* enough to *see*.

I want this *writing* put in *print*,
And I want it *printed right*;
The little errors I don't *see*
You can correct from *sight*.

I'm *growing* better every day,
Though I have ceased to *grow*,
Because I want a place *above*
If I don't go *below*.

I dedicate this to a *friend*,
Though he may be a *foe*;
With *will* I do love to *contend*—
You *witness* this I know

And now take my respects *yourself*,
But give them to your *friends*,
And where my epigram *begins*,
There, too, it also *ends*. ONE HOOD.

NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—The following strong testimony in favor of the wonderful hair preparation is from Hon. Joseph Cable, Editor Political Review, and his wife, both of whom are well known and greatly esteemed throughout the State in which they reside.—Their testimony is unimpeachable and conclusive as to the merits of "Nature's Hair Restorative," a preparation which may be bought at Lemmon & Murray's drug store in this place:

PAULDING, OHIO, April 17, 1871.

PROCTER BROS:—Duty more than inclination prompts me to certify to the efficiency of Nature's Hair Restorative. Some forty years ago, under a high fever, my physician lanced a small blister immediately over each temple, extending back toward the ears. On these spots no hair grew, until I used your Hair Restorative. Again, twelve years ago, I had a severe typhoid fever which caused a further loss of hair and baldness. For the past two weeks I have used Nature's Hair Restorative according to directions, and now find my head, including the places of the blisters, covered with fine natural hair. I am now five weeks over sixty years of age. JANE CABLE.

PAULDING, OHIO, April 17, 1871.

In addition to what Mrs. Cable has said touching Nature's Hair Restorative, I would say, that this morning I completed the seventieth year of my age, and, up to the past ten years, of general good health and robust system. However, in the winter of 1860-61 I was struck down by paralysis—one half of my system perfectly dead. As I began slowly to recover, the hair all over my head fell out until a spot on the scalp became bare and very thinly set otherwise. Attributing this to age and infirmity, I paid no attention to the loss, until the curiosity of my wife in the use of the Restorative, applied it to my head, and now the skin of the head is covered with a luxurious growth of hair. JOSEPH CABLE.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

AT

MAYER'S

N. Y. Dry Goods and Clothing Store!

The following new goods have just been opened:

Choice Styles Plain and Figured Grenadines,
Rare Styles Shawls and Sacks,
Rich Styles Sash, Neck, and Bow Ribbons,
Plain Styles gray mixed Silk Poplins,
Superb Styles Figured Curtains, &c., &c.,
Latest Styles Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hats and Bonnets,
Alpacas, Mohairs, Poplins, Ginghams, Percales, Chintzes, Black Silks, Japanese Linens, Japanese Silks, Japanese Poplins.

LOW PRICES IN READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Boys' Suits	$ 4 and upwards.
Men's Chevoit Suits	$12 and upwards.
All kinds of Suits	$ 8 and upwards.
Men's Pantaloons	$ 2 and upwards.
Men's Vests	$ 1 to $5.

School Suits for boys of all ages.

L. & H. MAYER, Proprietors.

PERSONAL.—We were pleased to receive a call, during the past week, from Dr. Ayer's traveler, Mr. Clark, who in our town devoted his time and attention to the preparations of the great medicine man. This call has become a pleasant annual to us from the able and reliable business character of the accomplished gentleman whom this firm send out to transact business. No house is better known or valued by the press for its promptness in settlement than the well-established and popular J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose medicines have become a household necessity, and won the confidence and praise of all. Our own acquaintance with them has extended over a series of years, and we have invariably found them their travelers, and their medicines worthy of the commendation they everywhere receive.

BOY DROWNED.—A little boy betw een eight and nine years old—son of Andrew Merrits, of Gaysport—was drowned in the river, immediately below the viaduct, on Sunday afternoon last. It appears that the little fellow, whose parents reside close to the river bank, was playing with a block along the river's edge, and accidentally fell in the water, and being unable to swim, and no person seeing him, drowned. His body was first discovered floating in the water by one of his play-fellows, who waded in and brought it to shore and immediately gave the alarm. Every effort was made to resuscitate him: but, although he had been in the water but a short time, the vital spark had fled beyond recall.—Hollidaysburg Standard.

ADMITTED TO PRACTICE.—R. B. Westbrook, Esq., having become a resident of our county, has been admitted to the bar, on presentation to the Court of certificates of his regular standing as an Attorney and Counsellor of the Supreme Court of New York and of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington. He also presented a diploma of his graduation in the Law Department of the University of New York. We understand, however, that it is not the purpose of Mr. W. to engage in the practice of law here, his whole time being taken up in managing the affairs of the Cambria Mining and Manufacturing Company at Sonman, of which he is President and Attorney.

LAKE FISH.

540 half-barrels Lake Herring.
420 quarter-barrels Lake Herring.
240 half-barrels White Fish.

The finest fish in the market, for sale at LOWER RATES than at any time during the last eight years.

JAMES CONNOR,
Wholesale Grocer, No. 355 Liberty Street,
[5-21.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [1m.]

CORN BROOMS.

400 doz. Corn Brooms, made from choice material, for sale at lower rates than at any time during the last ten years.

JAMES CONNOR,
Wholesale Grocer, No. 355 Liberty Street,
[5-21.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [1m.]

COMMUNICATION.

SUMMERHILL TWP., June 17, 1871.

Dear Freeman—Before directly noticing Mr. Maggie's last effort, I will make a brief statement. On the 4th of last March I appeared in your local department, as I had often done before, in a communication signed "Soltero." As an item of local news I then referred to a religious dispute between a teacher and several of the pupils in one of our public schools. The reference was mild and gentle. I mentioned no names—pointed to no particular school—and had nothing to say for or against any denomination; but simply related a fact, and then advocated the expulsion of all religious creeds from the schools, in order that peace and harmony might be restored. All this, I believe, was just and proper; yet a few sages in our township think otherwise. Their zeal is so ardent, in fact, that nothing else will do but to turn the public schools into religious factories, where they can impress their own vague and unsettled ideas on the minds of the scholars and gradually estrange them from the religion of their parents. The difficulty in the school in question had its origin in attempts like this, so often repeated as to alarm parents and incense children to such a degree that matters assumed a boisterous appearance. Still, fanaticism so blinded the teacher that she persisted in the cause of the disturbance. It would be superfluous to say that a teacher like this could no longer command the respect of the scholars, to whom her presence became an eye-sore in the school and her name a by-word of reproach. A violent partizan must soon become obnoxious and inefficient, and so it was here.

Two weeks after I had sent you the local item spoken of, a reply appeared in the *Freeman*. The writer, however, was foreign to the purpose. Indeed, he had no room to touch up on the information I had furnished. My statement was either true or false. If true, how could it be refuted? In that event would it not have been better to let the matter pass, for the teacher's name had not been mentioned nor her school pointed out? But if I had asserted what was not true, and the writer felt himself bound to contradict me, then his reply would not be out of place, but it should bear directly on the question. This would be logical, and the effect would surely follow. Conscious, however, that I had spoken the truth, yet unwilling to hold his tongue, for he is used to talking, the writer gave us a dashing article more verbose than sensible. Referring slightly to my communication, which he pretended to criticise, he took a side issue and attacked me personally. Was this honest?—was it decent? Would a scholar or a gentleman resort to such a measure? He thought to prostrate me at once and at the same time pretend that he was a woman, but I assure him that the plough-boy from whom he really and truly attacked is as well posted as some men with long-tailed coats. For the truth of this assertion I refer to both our communications published in the *Freeman*—mine on the 4th and his on the 18th of last March.

After indulging in this personal attack, he proceeded to assail the Old Church. Accustomed to this kind of logic, upon the promulgation of which his bread and butter depend, and being unfitted by nature or education for a decent profession, he engaged in the dirty work with that unwilling avidity and pleasure. Yet, although the theme was familiar, and was one that would take well with the particular class of people to whom he pandered, it was in very bad taste for him to introduce a question of theology. Perhaps he thought by that means to draw me away from the subject to which he himself could not adhere, and then conduct me into the mire of abuse. This he cannot do. I may step aside now and then to give him a thump, but it is none the less my purpose to keep him strictly to the question at issue. He may also continue, if he will, to wield an abusive pen—to revile the living and traduce the dead—but "Soltero" will not descend to that low level. To cap the climax of his absurdity, and, if possible, screen his own iniquity, the writer induced a silly woman to put her name to his paper. On that account he has been named after her and is now known as Mr. Maggie. And now that the reader has the key to the discussion, he knows, or can readily conjecture, who commenced it, and also whether the assertions Mr. Maggie made in his rigmarole last week are true or false. If Mr. Maggie is found guilty of misrepresentation, then his statements will be appreciated according to their value.

This is my statement, and now let me pay my respects to Mr. Maggie. That gent has always been slow, but with his last effusion he has been absurdly so. It is easy to account for the delay, however, for although Mr. Maggie is at the head of affairs, his efforts have to pass through other hands for correction, and must now be sent to Indiana county to be copied, from whence they are forwarded to Ebensburg for publication. But with all the time and attention devoted to them, they are nothing more than poor, empty, ungrammatical productions, suited no doubt to the mental capacities of the Lutherans in general about Wilmore, but disgusting to the more refined members of that denomination elsewhere.

At the eleventh hour Mr. Maggie takes occasion to introduce the Rev. gentleman as his opponent, thereby losing sight of the fact that he attacked me as "Soltero" under date of March 14th, and that he has now no reason or excuse for changing his tactics. But my reply to this insinuation has already been embodied in my statement, and to dwell on it here would be a useless repetition. But for the sake of truth, and in justice to myself, I propose to meet Miss Black in any town in this county, and in presence of three or more persons will undertake to compete with her in writing an essay on any given subject within a certain specified time. The result will show what she and I can do.

Just here, since I have introduced her name, allow me to say a word to Miss Black, inasmuch as she forces herself on my attention, and to slight her would be unpardonable. Do you not know, Miss B., that modesty is the ornament of your sex? If aware of it, why did you so far overstep the bounds of modesty as to introduce yourself to the public under false colors? Had you even written those papers you should feel degraded thereby, but vanity added to dissimulation renders your position still more deplorable. No one believes that you are the author—no not even the Lutheran preacher himself, for in asking me more than once to drop the discussion, as much for your sake as for his own, the Rev. gent candidly avowed that you cannot write either good sense or good grammar, and intimated to me that your brother-in-law could tell who did the writing for you. Add to this the fact that you have already appeared in print as the author of letters which you do not and cannot deny—letters which the most illiterate school girl might be ashamed of—and it will be no hard matter to make up a verdict against you on the score of intelligence. And yet you have the affrontery to set yourself up as a teacher in the public schools! Really, Miss Maggie, you are a blister on the common school system—a disgrace to the teacher's profession—and a sad example of impertinence and presumption. Indeed, you have dosed the system of education which placed you in a chair to instruct the rising generation, but the Joe Barker who now hides his foul character behind your mask, truly doses you in turn, and as you have consented to become his tool, you have no claim upon compassion. I am done with you, however, for the present, Miss B., and trust that others who, like yourself, torment children in school, will draw profitable instruction from the lessons you have merited and received.

Mr. Maggie now admits that his protege read a Bible and held other devotional exercises in the school. This is precisely what I asserted in the local item of which mention has been made. What, then, has all the row been about? By this admission has Miss Maggie or "Soltero" gained the point? Let the reader judge. The preacher even held forth in the school, at the special invitation of the teacher, as he informed me himself. Now all these were religious exercises, and sectarian too at that, for Maggie is brimful in that respect, and the preacher, being a very recent neophyte, of course is not behind her. Now, can an impartial public connive at these proceedings? Are they in keeping with the spirit in which the public schools are intended to be conducted? Are they calculated to foster peace and good will among fellow citizens? Is it wise, is it prudent, for any denomination to go into a public school, or use any efforts therein, to propagate its tenets among the scholars? There is but one answer to these questions, and that is that the man or woman who dares to do these things is a disturber of the people's happiness, an enemy of peace, and a firebrand in the community. It will not, it cannot be tolerated. Let me now say that Maggie Black has been arraigned, tried and found unfit to have charge of any school, unless perhaps a Lutheran school. And here ends the chapter, so far at least as the real question at issue is concerned.

The rest of Mr. Maggie's communication is irrelevant, but for the fun of the thing I will pursue him a little further. He talks as much about the Popes as other folks do about himself. There is this difference, however,—what is said about him is true, but what is said about the Popes is false. Even if his assertions were true, what would they prove against the Church? Does he think, in his ignorance, that we pin our faith to the sleeve of any man? Jesus Christ, who is all powerful, preserves the Pope, as such, from teaching error, but as man he might be as mean and contemptible as Mr. Maggie himself without giving me the least concern. Mr. Maggie knows too little about Christianity to distinguish between the office and the occupant—between the teacher and what is taught. Is Christianity false because Judas was one of its apostles? Had Iscariot not an office, because he committed the greatest possible crime—because he sold his master for a few pieces of silver? Surely, sir, your logic is puerile and tinsel. Do you think it would be wise to base your creed on the standard of your morality? Is Lutheranism a sham because one of its preachers tells lies and cheats his people in the counters of a toy-shop, or because another of the cloth is necessitated to clear out of the city of Pittsburgh at an hour's notice on account of his immoralities in a female school? This is the way you try to reason. Really, sir, you can compete with Maggie Black in ignorance. You have a score specimen of intelligence, and if nature had given you understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you one of the most dangerous men that breathes the breath of life. When neither the feelings of shame or the reproach of conscience form any bar to your malice, your intelligence, and if nature had given you understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you one of the most dangerous men that breathes the breath of life. When neither the feelings of shame or the reproach of conscience form any bar to your malice, your neighbors might well tremble at your presence, had they not a safe refuge in the utter weakness of your understanding. Allow me to tell you, sir, that the Pope, whose name should not be pronounced by lips such as yours, might condescend to let you kiss his big toe, but certainly would not employ you as his chamberlain. Let me further tell you, that when you are dead and gone to play the fiddle perhaps for Lucifer and Luther, Popes will be loved and respected, as they now are, by the great bulk of those who believe in the Saviour of mankind.

Mr. Maggie still dabbles in theology. The Church is bad because her members are not all good. Does not cockle grow with the wheat? Are his folks all saints? If there are bad Catholics, so much the better for him, for it is easier to pervert them than the good. A bad Catholic makes an excellent Lutheran. Whenever the Pope weeds his boundless domain, he throws the dirty weeds over the fence, and could anything be more acceptible where they fall? Luther was a bad Catholic, yet he was good enough to become the father of your religion. You have the front, sir, to say that he founded no church, but recollect that your readers are not as ignorant as you are or pretend to be. Plain evidence of facts is superior to all declarations. There is a Lutheran Church now, but was there one when Luther commenced quarreling with the Pope? Had it been even as much as heard of in any place or at any time during the first fifteen hundred years of our dispensation? Is there anything in the history, in the monuments, or in the records of Christianity to show that there was a Lutheran Church prior to the sixteenth century? Every intelligent man knows that there was not. What then becomes of your assertion? Lutheranism, dear sir, is a mere human institution, and is unable to trace its source to a higher, a holier cause, than the fiery spirit of an insubordinate monk. You will never prove the divinity of your creed by abusing mine. Even if mine were wrong, that would be no proof in your favor. If the first Church has failed, there is no other, and it is nonsense to belong to any. Truth, not error, can make us free, and how can you tell any man that your Church can teach the truth? The early Christians did not know it, and only a few that call themselves so at the present time believe in it. As Lucifer rebelled against God, so did Luther rebel against His Church, but as Lucifer could not dethrone Him in heaven so Luther could not destroy His fair Spouse on earth. Both might draw their deluded followers from light, life and grace, but the end would be their own damnation. The Church, founded more than eighteen hundred years ago by the Saviour of men, is His Church still, as she always will be, for He pledged His word that the gates of hell should not prevail against her.

SOLTERO.

HYMENIAL.

SAUPP—DOUGLASS.—Married, at St. Augustine, on Tuesday, June 6th, 1871, by Rev. E. Burns, Mr. W. W. SAUPP, and Miss ANNIE DOUGLASS, both of Chest Springs.

We congratulate our young friends on their happy alliance, and wish them with all our heart a long life of pure delights in this world and a blissful eternity of true felicity in the better world to come.

OBITUARY.

LLOYD.—Died, at the residence of his son-in-law, in Cambria township, on Friday, 16th inst., Mr. JOHN LLOYD, aged 76 years.

Mr. Lloyd was a native of Wales, but had resided in this vicinity for more than half a century. He was an exemplary citizen and an upright man, and all who knew him will cherish his memory.

BROWN—Died, at New Florence, Pa., on Wednesday, 31st inst., SARAH E., wife of R. H. Brown, Esq., of Cresson, aged — years.

NOTICE.—An application for the pardon of Edward F. Burk, now under sentence for the murder of Jacob Settlemire, will be made to his Excellency, Governor Geary.
June 24, 1871.-2t.

COUNTY TREASURER.—*Editor Freeman*—Please announce the name of EDWARD GLASS, Esq., of Ebensburg, as a candidate for the office of COUNTY TREASURER before the approaching Democratic Convention of Cambria county. MANY DEMOCRATS.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the matter of the Account of Joseph S. Mardis, Executor of Elizabeth Patterson, dec'd. The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court to report distribution of the funds in the hands of said accountant, will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, July 26th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment; when and where all interested may attend if they wish.
GEO. A. BERRY, Auditor.
Ebensburg, June 24, 1871.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—*Estate of* JOSEPH ROSE, *dec'd.* The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court to distribute money in the hands of James Rose and C. Stull, Executors of Joseph Rose, dec'd, hereby gives notice to all parties interested in said Estate, that he will sit in his office in Johnstown, on *Wednesday, July 5th*, 1871, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested must present their claims or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
C. W. EASLY, Auditor.
Johnstown, June 19, 1871.-3t.

NOTICE.—Rule on the Heirs and Legal Representatives of JACOB YOST, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, to accept or refuse, etc.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS:

L.S. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to James Yost, Augustus Yost, Appalonia, intermarried with John Sims, residing in Blairsville, Indiana county, Pa.; Catharine, intermarried with Simon Fagan, residing in Johnstown, Cambria county.; Margaret, intermarried with John Aschraft, residing in Susquehanna township, Cambria county; Sarah, intermarried with William J. Williams, residing in the borough of Ebensburg; Ann, intermarried with Thomas J. Williams, residing in the borough of Ebensburg; and Ellen, intermarried with Joseph Cole, residing in the State of Iowa, heirs and legal representatives of Jacob Yost, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased—*Greeting:*

You and every of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, in and for said county, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of the said Jacob Yost, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by said Court and returned by the Sheriff of said county on the 7th day of June, 1871, or show cause why the same should not be sold, to wit: A certain piece or parcel of land situated in Carroll township, Cambria county, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post, corner of land of Henry Bender, thence south 88¾ degrees, east 77 perches, to a beech; thence by land of James Kane, Jr., south 7¾ degrees, west 78 perches, to a post; thence by land of William Cole, north 88¾ degrees, west 77 perches, to a post; thence by land of Augustin Yost, north 7¾ degrees, east 78 perches, to the place of beginning, containing *thirty-seven acres and eighty-six perches*, valued and appraised at the sum of *ten hundred and fifty dollars* ($1050.00). Personal service to be made on the parties residing in the county, and on those residing elsewhere, by four weekly publications in the "Cambria Freeman," or some other newspaper published in the county. And herein fail not.

Witness the Honorable George Taylor, President Judge of our said Court at Ebensburg, this 7th day of June, A. D. 1871.
GEO. W. OATMAN, Clerk.
Attest—W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, June 23, 1871-4t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, the 6TH DAY OF JULY next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Stanislaus Wharton, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of David Sutton, Edward Burk and heirs of John Ivory, containing thirty-five acres, more or less, about six acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a small log dwelling house, a frame stable and a water saw-mill—now in the occupancy of David Sutton. Taken in execution and to be be sold at the suit of S. M. Douglass.
W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, June 17, 1871.

LICENSE NOTICE.—The following applications for License will be made at Argument Court, July 6th, 1871.

Matthew Dignan, Gallitzin twp., Tavern.
William Richards, Carroll twp., Tavern.
Catherine Rehbug, Cambria bor., Tavern.
Michael Gatzs, South Fork, Croyle tp., Eat. H.
Peter Maltze, Conemaugh, Tavern.
Julius Stich, Carrolltown, Eating House.
Ellen McLaughlin, Washington tp., Tavern.
John Smith, Prospect borough, Tavern.
Rodger Dougherty, 2d Wd., Johnstown, Tav.
J. K. HITE, Clerk.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS.

Rifles, Double and Single Barrel.

Shot Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition.

Sporting Goods, Rifle Barrels, Locks, Mountings, Gun Materials, &c. Send for a Price List.
Address J. H. JOHNSTON, *Great Western Gun Works*, 179 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
☞ N. B. Army Carbines, Rifles and Revolvers bought or traded for.
Pittsburgh, June 17, 1871.-6m.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, appointed Auditor to make distribution of the money arising from

Cundurango--The New Cancer Cure.

Early in the present year Mr. Wing, our Minister at Ecuador, transmitted to Washington information of the discovery in that country of a shrub which seemed to possess great medicinal powers for the cure of some of the most terribly agonizing, loathsome, and fatal diseases to which the human race is subject, especially that of cancer. This communication was made in the following official form:

Mr. Wing to Mr. Fish.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, }
QUITO, Ecuador, Jan'y 5, 1871. }

SIR: For some time past I have been aware of the recent discovery of a remedy which was declared to be a specific for the cure of some of the most terrible diseases which scourge humanity. Not being willing, however, to excite hopes liable to the chance of disappointment, I have refrained from bringing it to the attention of the department hitherto.

Recent experiments which have been explained to me by credible parties in addition to information concerning certain experiments set on foot by myself, both in Europe and the United States, has convinced me that there is, to say the least of it, enough of reality in the curative properties of the remedy to render it incumbent upon me to lay the matter before the department, believing, as I do, that if the department will at once give publicity to it, many valuable lives may be saved, and relief afforded in most painful and distressing cases of affliction.

The remedy in question is the wood of a tree called the "cundurango," existing chiefly in the southermost province of Ecuador (Loja), and its peculiar virtues were discovered, it is said, by one of those trivial incidents which evince oftentimes how humble are the means used by Providence to make known the mysteries of nature and the wonders of science.

The ignorant wife of a common Indian laborer who had for some time suffered most fearfully from an internal cancer, concluded finally to administer eternal relief to him by the simple process of mixing poison in his food. The woman, it would seem, acted in perfect good faith and honesty of purpose, and without a sinister or malevolent design. She wished really to save her husband from his agony; and, feeling that his cure was absolutely impossible, she determined to administer a decoction of the wood itself. To her surprise the man at once began to rally, and, as her first attempt had failed, she still continued to dose him with the lotion from day to day in increasing quantities. As a result the man entirely recovered, and, the matter becoming public, further tests have established the powers of the wood as a remedial agency. Only last night I was informed from the most eminent sources in the land that some of the cures effected by it were truly miraculous. I give the report in regard to the manner in which these properties were manifested as common rumor has it. Its efficacy in cancerous and venereal diseases has been already approved, and I judge by analogy that it would likewise prove beneficial in scrofulous and ulcerous affections of different types.

Certainly it commends itself to the experiments of the learned practitioners of the United States; and if its curative qualities go no further than to conquer that fearful malady, the cancer, so long deemed hopelessly incurable, and so fraught with anguish of mind and agony of body, and certain death hitherto, then truly will it have accomplished a most noble end. The condition of the island roads and the difficulty of transportation to the coast will for a time interfere with its exportation in large quantities, but the energy of President Moreno will eventually open it up to the commerce of the world and the relief of the afflicted. In this connection I may add that this month the President of Ecuador will forward to the State Department at Washington one bushel of the cundurango for experiment and distribution. I have thanked him for his courtesy and consideration, and I have every hope that under the enlightened supervision of the department medical science may achieve therewith one of its most valuable victories. Appended, as accompaniment A, I transmit the simple recipe setting forth the manner in which the article is as yet applied to use. Experiment and experience may soon be enabled to adopt a more powerful and skilful method of application.

If the department sees fit to make this matter immediately public, it will afford me genuine pleasure to aid both experimental science and suffering humanity by any means that my location and information on the subject may render practicable.

RUMSEY WING.

[Accompaniment A.]

METHOD OF USING THE "CUNDURANGO."

A decoction of the cundurango is made out of a small piece of the wood beaten out flat, and half an ounce of which is boiled in three teacupfuls of water. Of this decoction one teacupful must be taken in the morning and another at night. If the patient has ulcers they should be kept very clean by the use of aromatic wine or simple ointment, according to the degree of inflammation.—The decoction is only to be used for fifteen days consecutively. An interval of fifteen days must then elapse, when the remedy may again be resumed for the same length of time. Great attention must be given in order to keep the digestive organs in the best possible condition. With regard to any other counsel, the general aspect of the patient may serve as guide. In this country (Ecuador) the cundurango has proven itself to be a powerful restorative, and must eventually work a complete revolution in the treatment of cancerous, venereal, and ulcerous diseases DR. CASARES.

Quito, January 4, 1870.

A true translation. RUMSEY WING.

The following was also soon afterwards received:

Mr. Wing to Mr. Fish.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, }
QUITO, Ecuador, Jan. 25, 1871. }

SIR: Referring to my dispatch No. 54, the contents of which I regard as very important, I desire to correct a slight error into which I had fallen, as I learn from conversations with President Moreno and Minister Leon.

An accidental manner of this discovery of the remarkable qualities of the cundurango, as detailed in the despatch referred to, is entirely correct, with the single exception that the fruit, and not the leaves, is poisonous, and it was in the absence of the fruit that the woman used the wood, supposing, as she did, that it must contain the same destructive properties.

From information given me by the distinguished gentlemen mentioned above, I am more than ever convinced of the great value of the discovery, and the necessity for immediate scientific experiments with the wood.

E. RUMSEY WING.

CUNDURANGO MADE PUBLIC.

These despatches when finally given to the public, in the orthodox official style, were accompanied by communications from Mr. Flores, Minister of Ecuador here, conveying intelligence of the arrival of the promised experimental stock of the cundurango wood and affording some information of the success which had attended its use in his own country. But these documents sufficiently explain themselves, and are therefore presented here, in extenso, as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, April 7, 1871. }

To the Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: I transmit copies of printed pamphlet containing a note to this department here, Mr. Flores, the Minister of Ecuador here, and despatches from Mr. Wing, the Minister of the United States in that republic.—These papers relate to a medicament called "cundurango," recently discovered in that country, which is supposed to be an efficient remedy for cancer and other diseases. A sample of the article accompanies this letter. I will thank you, if there should appear to be no objection to that course, to cause it to be administered by the medical staff of the navy, and the result to be communicated to this Department for the information of the government of Ecuador.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant. HAMILTON FISH.

Mr. Flores to Mr. Fish.

[Translation.]

WASHINGTON, March 14, 1871.

MR. MINISTER: I have received from my government, in order to offer it to you, a vegetable called "cundurango," which is produced in the province of Loja, Ecuador, and to which great medicinal qualities are attributed, as you will see by the annexed extracts, copied from No. 425 of the official journal of Ecuador.

In case your Excellency may think proper to accept this little offering, I take the liberty of enclosing the bill of lading of the box which contains it, to the end that you may be pleased, if you see fit, to return it to me with the necessary order for the Custom House at New York, and to take such other measures as you may think proper.

I have been specially directed by my government to communicate the result of the analyses and experiments which may be made. I will therefore thank your Excellency to deign to afford me, as far as possible, the means of obeying this order.

In the hope that your Excellency will be pleased to give to this matter the attention which is demanded, not only by humanity and science, but the mercantile interests of Ecuador and the United States of America, I have the honor to reiterate to your Excellency the assurance of my very high and distinguished consideration, and to subscribe myself your Excellency's very obedient servant. A. FLORES.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS

Hundreds of Thousands

Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK,

Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

$100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effect.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing in a remarkable degree the power of acting as a powerful aperient or purgative, yet in smaller doses they stimulate the Digestive Organs into healthy action, when a mild laxative only is required.

Dr. Crook's WINE or TAR Established 1863.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing cures so remarkable and with such certainty as to entitle it to the confidence of every sufferer. Every sufferer will find relief and cure by a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you let prejudice prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all.

Asthma.—The relief and cures of it are marvelous.

Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure.

Throat Ailments require only a few doses.

Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable.

Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.

Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ.

Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.

Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.

Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores a deranged stomach, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any "ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ring Worm, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists. Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

Component Parts—Fluid Extract Rhubarb and Fluid Extract Catawba Grape Juice.

For Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Bilious Affections, Sick or Nervous Headache, Costiveness, &c. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercurial minerals, or deleterious drugs.

These Pills are the most delightfully pleasant purgative, superseding castor oil, salts, magnesia, etc. There is nothing more acceptable to the stomach. They give tone, and cause neither nausea nor griping pains. They are composed of the FINEST INGREDIENTS. After a few days' use of them, such an invigoration of the entire system takes place as to appear miraculous to the weak and enervated, whether arising from imprudence or disease. H. T. Helmbold's Compound Fluid Extract Catawba Grape Pills are not sugar-coated, from the fact that sugar-coated Pills do not dissolve, but pass through the stomach without dissolving, consequently do not produce the desired effect. The CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS, being pleasant in taste and odor, do not necessitate their being sugar-coated. Price Fifty Cents per Box.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S

Highly Concentrated Compound

FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

Will radically exterminate from the system Scrofula, Syphilis, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Sore Legs, Sore Mouth, Sore Head, Bronchitis, Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum, Carbuncles, Ringing in the Ear, White Swellings, Tumors, Cancerous Affections, Nodes, Rickets, Glandular Swellings, Night Sweats, Rash, Tetter, Humors of all kinds, Chronic Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all diseases that have been established in the system for years.

Being prepared expressly for the above complaints, its blood-purifying properties are greater than any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. It gives the complexion a clear and healthy color, and restores the patient to a state of health and purity. For purifying the blood, removing all chronic constitutional diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, and the only reliable and effectual remedy for the cure of pains and swelling of the bones, ulcerations of the Throat and Legs, Blotches, Pimples on the Face, Erysipelas, and all Scaly Eruptions of the Skin, and Beautifying the Complexion. Price, $1.50 per bottle.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S

Concentrated Fluid Extract BUCHU.

The Great Diuretic.

has cured every case of DIABETES in which it has been given. Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Retention of the Urine, Disease of the Prostrate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick-Dust Deposit, and Mucous or Milky Discharges, and for Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions of both sexes, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Eruption of the Face, Pallid Countenance, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, &c.

Used by persons from the ages of eighteen to twenty-five, and from thirty-five to fifty-five, or in the decline or change of life; after confinement or labor pains; bed-wetting in children.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is Diuretic and Blood-Purifying, and cures All Diseases arising from Habits of Dissipation and Excesses and Imprudence in Life, Impurities of the Blood, &c., superceding Copaiba in affections for which it is used, and Syphilitic affections—in these diseases used in connection with Helmbold's Rose Wash.

In many affections peculiar to Ladies the Extract Buchu is unequalled by any other remedy—as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrus State of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Sterility, and for all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from indiscretion or habits of dissipation. It is prescribed extensively by the most eminent physicians and midwives for Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions of both sexes and all ages attended with any of the above diseases or symptoms.

H. T. Helmbold's EXTRACT BUCHU

CURES DISEASES ARISING FROM

Imprudences, Dissipated Habits, &c.,

in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience, and no exposure. It causes a frequent desire, and gives strength to Urinate, thereby removing Obstructions, preventing and curing Strictures of the Urethra, allaying Pain and Inflammation, so frequent in this class of diseases, and expelling all Poisonous matter.

Thousands who have been the victims of incompetent persons, and who have paid heavy fees to be cured in a short time, have found that they have been deceived, and that the "Poison" has, by the use of "powerful astringents," been dried up in the system, to break out in a more aggravated form, perhaps after Marriage.

Use *HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU* for all affections and diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in the Male or Female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. Price, One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Bottle.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S

IMPROVED ROSE WASH

cannot be surpassed as a **Face Wash**, and will be found the only specific remedy in every species of Cutaneous Affection. It speedily eradicates Pimples, Spots, Scorbutic Dryness, Indurations of the Cutaneous Membrane, &c.; dispels Redness and Incipient Inflammation, Hives, Rash, Moth Patches, Dryness of Scalp or Skin, Frost Bites, and all purposes for which Salves or Ointments are used; restores the Skin to a state of purity and softness, and insures continued healthy action of the tissue of its vessels, on which depends the agreeable clearness and vivacity of complexion so much sought and admired. But however valuable as a remedy for existing defects of the skin, H. T. Helmbold's Rose Wash has long sustained its principal claim to unbounded patronage, by possessing qualities which render it a Toilet Appendage of the most superlative and congenial character, combining in an elegant formula those prominent requisites, safety and efficacy—the preserver and accompaniments of its use. As a Preserver and Refresher of the Complexion. It is an excellent **Lotion for diseases of Syphilitic Nature**, and as an Injection for diseases of the Urinary Organs, arising from habits of dissipation, used in connection with the Extract Buchu, Sarsaparilla, and Catawba Grape Pills, in such diseases as recommended, cannot be surpassed. Price, One Dollar per Bottle.

Full and explicit directions accompany the medicines.

Evidences of the most responsible and reliable character furnished on application, with hundreds of thousands of living witnesses, and upwards of 50,000 unsolicited certificates and recommendatory letters, many of which are from the highest sources, including eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Statesmen, &c. The proprietor has never resorted to their publication in the newspapers; he does not do this from the fact that his articles rank as Standard Preparations, and do not need to be propped up by certificates.

H. T. Helmbold's Genuine Preparations

Delivered to any address. Secure from observation. ESTABLISHED UPWARD OF TWENTY YEARS. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Address letters for information, in confidence, to HENRY T. HELMBOLD, Druggists and Chemists.

Only Depots: H. T. Helmbold's Drug and Chemical Warehouse, No. 594 Broadway, New York, or to H. T. Helmbold's Medical Depot, 104 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beware of Counterfeits! Ask for Henry T. Helmbold's! Take no other! [Feb.18.-6m.]

Josh Billings on Courtiship.

Courtin is a luxury; it is the pla spell of the sole. The man who has never courted has lived in vane. He has been a blind man among landscapes, he has been a deff man in the land of hand organs and by the side of murmuring canals. Courtin is like two little springs of water that start out from under a rock at the foot of a mountain, and run down hill side by side, singing, dancing and spaterin each other, eddyin and frothin, and kaskadin, and hiddin under the bank, now full of shadder, bimby they jine and then go slow. I am in favor of long courtin; it gives the parties a chance to find out each other's tremp cards. It is good exercise, and is just as innocent as five Marina lambs.

* * * * *

Perhaps it is best I should state some good advice to the young men who are about to court with a view to matrimony as it was.

In the first place, yoffng men you ought to get your system all right; then find a young woman who is willing to be courted on the square.

The next thing is to find out how old she is, which you can do by asking her, and she will sa she is nineteen years, and this you will find will not be far out of the wa.

The next is to begin moderate, sa once every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasin the dose as the patient seems to require.

It is a fust rate way to court the girl's mother a little on the start, for there is one thing a woman never despises, and that is a little good courtin if it is done on the square.

After the first year you will begin to like the business.

There is one thing I always advise, and that is not to swop photographs oftener than wunst every 6 daze, unless you forget how the gal looks.

Ocksionally you want to look sorroy and draw in your wind as tho you had a pain; this will set the gal to teezing you to find out what ails you.

Even meetins are a good thing to tend.—It will keep your religion in tune, and if your gal happens to be their by accident, she can ask you to go home with her.

As a general thing I wouldn't brag on other girls much when I was courtin. It might look as though you knu tew much. If you court three weeks in this wa, all the time on the square, if you don't sa it is the sleekest time of your life you can go to the cheap store and get measured for a plug hat at my expense and pay for it.

THE GREAT

OAK HALL CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

241 Main Street Johnstown.

S. J. HESS & BROTHER

HAVE NOW ON HAND

The Largest, Best Made AND MOST DURABLE

Stock of Clothing

EVER KEPT IN JOHNSTOWN,

consisting chiefly of

MEN'S COATS. MEN'S PANTS. MEN'S VESTS;
YOUTHS' COATS. YOUTHS' PANTS. YOUTHS' VESTS;
BOYS' COATS. BOYS' PANTS. BOYS' VESTS.

We have also constantly in stock a complete assortment of

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.

We are prepared to make to order Clothing of every description on the shortest notice.

Call at No. 241 Main Street,

AND SEE HOW IT IS YOURSELVES!

Johnstown, April 22, 1871.-6m.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE.

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

Andrew Moses, DRAPER & TAILOR, CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

HOLLIDAYSBURG SEMINARY, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, lease, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their interests to call on or address me.

Correspondence in either English or German solicited.

REFERENCES—Wm. Mann, Esq., Messrs. Morgan, Bush & Co., Gen'l C. H. T. Collis, Philadelphia; Messrs. J. T. Way & Bro., W. M. Gormley, Esq., H. B. Swoope, Esq., Pittsburg; Hon. John Scott, Huntingdon; Hon. S. S. Blair, Hollidaysburg; Hon. H. F. Rose, Altoona; D. W. Woods, Esq., Lewistown; Cyrus Elder, Esq., Johnstown; Wm. F. Wilson, Esq., Bellefonte. [1-42.-1y.]

REAL ESTATE AGENCY —OF— GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.

Office in Colonade Row.

Several parties wish to secure Houses in Ebensburg at fair rents.

Houses and Lots are for rent on fair terms.

Give us a description and price of what you have for rent.

Let us know what kind of a House or House and Lot you wish to secure as a tenant.

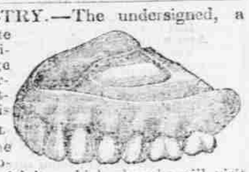
Have you *REAL or PERSONAL PROPERTY* you wish to sell, or do you wish to buy?

COME AND SEE US AT ONCE!

Our terms are reasonable for all services relative to above matters. See "Real Estate Gazette." GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.

Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1871.-tf.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.



Aug. 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER, Altoona, Pa.,

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in *Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c.* Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.-6m.

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa., Tenders his professional services to such of the citizens of the above place and vicinity as may require medical aid. [April 21. 1y.]

E. H. PLANK, M. D., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office on High street, opposite the new Congregational church, East Ward. Night calls can be made at the late residence of Dr. R. S. Bunn, West Ward. [may18.]

LLOYD & CO., Bankers, EBENSBURG, PA. Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made in all accessible points in the United States and a general Banking business transacted

W. M. LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA. Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made.—Moneys received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

D. M'LAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin street, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Jan. 31. 1867.-tf.

C. W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 108 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa., two doors North of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of legal business that may be entrusted to him.

G. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.* Office on Franklin Street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

A. KOPELIN, - - - - T. W. DICK, Johnstown. Ebensburg.

KOPELIN & DICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonade Row. [oct.22.-tf.

P. P. TIERNEY.....JAMES NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE —OF— TIERNEY & NULL, Colonade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18.-71.-tf.]

R. L. GEORGE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in room recently occupied by Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., in Colonade Row. All manner of legal business faithfully attended to, and the collection of claims, etc., made a specialty. [2-4.-tf.]

P. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY

SHOEMAKER & BERRY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, March 11, 1871. EBENSBURG, PA.

JOHN FENLON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan 31, 1867.-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

WM. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Thos. Lloyd's new building, one door north of Colonade Row, Centre street.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug.27.]

T. R. SCANLAN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. All manner of legal business attended to promptly and carefully. Collections a specialty.

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. The collection of notes and bills, whether due or past due, will receive prompt attention.

J. S. OGDEN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Iron street, between the Conemaugh Bridge and Pa. R. R. Depot. Collections and all business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [3-11.]

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER AND BROWN'S OAK HALL

In Boys' Wear we have every kind of material & every variety of style, suitable for Youth from 16 to 20, Boys from 9 to 16, and Children from 5 to 9 years, all durable & strong, made with special reference to rough usage. In this department our prices are astonishingly low. *Market and 6th.*

We have made our Establishment "THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF COUNTRY TRADE" in Clothing, and we can assure our friends from out of town that they need look no further than Oak Hall for satisfactory Clothing & satisfactory prices. Full stock all the year round. *Market and 6th.*

Our Custom Work is of the very best character. Easy rules for measurement, prices, &c., sent free to any part of America, and good fits guaranteed. *Market and 6th Streets,*

PHILADELPHIA.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO., WASHINGTON STREET, Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa., *Wholesale and Retail Dealers in*

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, IRON AND NAILS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE, PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS, Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.....JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES

Usually Kept in a Country Store.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

STORE ON MAIN STREET,

Next Door to the Post Office,

June 10, 1869. EBENSBURG, PA.

GAY & WELSH, Successors to Gay & Painter, WHOLESALE Grocers and Commission Merchants, AND DEALERS IN FLOUR, PRODUCE, FISH, SALT, CARBON OILS, &c., &c., 362 LIBERTY STREET, - PITTSBURGH.

WHOLESALE JANNEY & ANDREWS, 123 Market St. PHILADA. GROCERS

STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.—The Scranton (Pennsylvania) *Republican* has the following sad story of one of the victims of the late Pittston disaster:

"William Jones expired about o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday lowing the catastrophe, and was the added to the list of those upon whom death angel laid his hand in that havoc. He was a Welshman, and had been in this country about seven years. On the morning of the dreadful day question he had taken his breakfast his wife had made ready the dinner, set the pail aside. For some time he sat wrapped in thought, his eyes fixed upon the stove, and a deep melancholy apparently brooding over him. He aroused from his reverie by his wife telling him that his dinner was ready, and that he would be late, as the bell had rung. He started to his feet, and looked upon her for a moment with a look of tenderness and significance, said to her, "If I should not come back alive, you be in such a hurry getting me dinner." The wife answered "No," but remarked that "if he was going at all, it was time he was gone." He lifted his pail, went out saying a word, and after kissing his wife, kissed his four little children who were sitting playing on the door step. When he had got about fifty yards from his home, he returned again, and kissed his wife and children once more with great fervency. His wife noticed that he was the victim of gloomy forebodings, and as he turned away she was about to entreat him not to go to work if he apprehended any danger. But hope and courage and pressing necessities of their family overcame her intention, and she let him go. She stood in the door and watched him on the way to the fatal pit. When at a point where he turned out of her sight, he turned and cast a wistful look toward his home and little ones, and waving his wife, waved with his hand a last adieu. He parted with his loved ones forever."

THE SHOE-BLACK'S DOG.—The following is from Chambers, "Anecdotes of Dogs":

"An English officer, who was in France in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, who brought customers to his master. This it did in a very ingenious and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, his boots which had been previously polished, was dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him rub himself in the mud of the river, and then watched for a person with well polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck by the dog's sagacity, purchased him and went to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge."

RULES FOR PLAYING ONTO'S OUTS AT MEETING.—When the preacher comes to a and nails down in the poolpit, pull out the stoppers. That's what stoppers is for.

When a him is give out to be sung play over the whole toon before singin but be sure to play it so they can't tell whether it's that toon or some other one. It will amuse the people to guess.

When you play the interlude, sometimes pull all the stoppers out, and sometimes pull them them all in. The stoppers made to pull out and in.

Play the interloods about twice as long as the toon. The interloods is the best part of the mewsic, and should be the longest.

Play from the interloods into the singin without letting them know when the singin begins. This will teach them to mind their bizness. Always play the interloods faster or slower than the toon. This is better than being the same time as the toon.

If the preacher gives out 5 verses play 4. Tew many verses is tejus.

Doorin the sermon go out of the church and cum back in time for the next singin. This will show yen don't mean to be a hard or the preacher by havin tew many listenin to him at wonst.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as the work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—The undersigned Executors of D. LEAVY, Esq., late of Loretto Borough, Pa., offer at private sale, on accommodating terms,

A FINE TRACT OF LAND

in Allegheny township, Cambria county, situated on the road leading to St. Augustine, and about one mile from Loretto, containing **71 Acres**, fully **40 Acres** being cleared and fenced, well watered and in a good state of cultivation, and having a first rate log DWELLING BARN thereon erected. The balance of the land is covered with chestnut, oak, sugar, and other valuable timber. For terms and other information apply to either of the undersigned.

MARGARET LEAVY, Loretto.
AUG. WALTERS, Carrolltown.
Executors of D. Leavy, dec'd.

Feb. 18.-tf.